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It Takes All Kinds

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By ROBERT LITTELL



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The author is indebted to Baron Guido Artom of Milan for finding Professor Barot, headmaster of the "School for Truffle Hounds," and for translating his Piedmontese dialect.

"The Only Way Out—Was Out" could not have been written without the help of Claus Gaedemann of West Berlin as interpreter and diplomat.

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FOR ANITA



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It Takes All Kinds

School For Truffle Hounds



THE ONLY BOARDING SCHOOL for truffle hounds in the world is in the little Italian village of Roddi, near Alba. Here "Professor Barot," whose real name is Battista Monchiero, will teach practically any dog to sniff out the mysterious white truffles, for which the dogs' owners get as much as 850 lire (about a dollar and a quarter) per ounce. This makes *Tuber magnatum* probably the most expensive food there is.

The French black truffle is rooted out from under the shadows of oak trees by swine. Swine, unlike dogs, love the taste of truffles and gobble them up regardless of expense, so that it is usually a race between swine and master as to which will get the truffle first. There is no school anywhere for truffle swine. And it takes all the skill and patience and wisdom of seventy-four-year old Barot to teach his pupils to want to find something they don't care a yelp about.

A pilgrimage to the Piedmont to see the school begins in

the pleasant market town of Alba, specifically at the Grand Hotel Restaurant Savona. Here its owners, the Morra family, father and sons, buy, sell, serve, eat, can, export, and otherwise stimulate truffles. Here the Truffle King himself, Signor Giacomo Morra, an ancient, bald, and bony man with eyes glittering behind steel spectacles, showed us a prize truffle just about to be airmailed to Uruguay. It was a collection of rooty, loam-colored bulges, a shapeless shape about the size of a soccer ball. We were allowed to feel it, reverently, and sniff it.

The scent of an untamed white truffle, even when sniffed out of doors where it cannot gather momentum, does not suggest feasts in three-starred restaurants. It smells of earth—or rather of dark depths that have never been ploughed, of subsoil. To the Morras, and to all right-thinking people of Alba and the district, it is a lovely, an intoxicating, and above all a prosperous odor.

The nugget we had smelled weighed 1200 grams—about two and a half pounds. As it was of prime quality and outstanding—even far-reaching—odor, it would cost the Uruguayan restaurant owner 36,000 lire (\$58)—or, when shaved several thousand times into various dishes, about two cents per delicious, unforgettable, indefinable, paper-thin slice the size of a special-delivery stamp.

Guided by Signor Morra's son Mario, who spoke English in enthusiastic gusts and bursts, we drove to Roddi through an autumn countryside gently aflame with hillside vineyards the tawny color of a tiger's stripes. For centuries people in this district have been hunting and eating the mysterious underground fungi called truffles. They flourish under oaks, elms, hazelnut trees, and poplars. They grow in the same places year after year, and the secret of these good hunting

grounds is closely guarded and passed on from father to son. For generations people have looked for this treasure stealthily, at night, by dim lanterns and with silent dogs.

The main street of Roddi spirals up through the sunlit village and past the baroque church to a vague sort of bald spot at the very top, with glimpses of other little towns crowning other little hills in the blue and gold distance. As we approached the crumbling remains of the fourteenth-century castle, we heard dogs barking, and around the corner we came upon the classroom and dormitory of Professor Barot's unique canine academy. In an open shed with straw on the ground were tied eight or ten small, friendly, mongrel dogs. Some were woolly, some curly, some whitish, some just plain pooch-color; some seemed to bark with a faint but noticeable fox-terrier accent.

"Well, there is the student body," said Signor Morra, "and now here comes the faculty." From his simple house across the campus there trudged toward us Professor Barot, a little man with a face as pleasantly lined as the bark of a fine old tree. His handshake was gnarled, his smile almost toothless; in his watery eyes there sparkled the three quarters of a century he had spent with animals and earth and a wide sky.

The Professor calmed his dogs and posed in their midst. (He must have been photographed often, for he can stand as still as a daguerreotype ancestor.) Black hat, black coat and waistcoat, black-striped trousers with one button missing—he looked as if he had been a wedding guest twenty years ago but had not had those festive clothes off since. Over one shoulder hung a small pick with a curved steel blade worn bright from digging deep for truffles.

"First I show you how I teach the dogs, then we go hunting," said Professor Barot in a strong Piedmontese patois.

Out of sight of the dogs, he stooped down, and with the gleaming tool dug a hole into which he put something taken from his waistcoat pocket. Then he came back and unfastened a woolly, wagging little dog named Frick, who jumped all over him. "*Pei-la*, Frick," Barot said quietly. "*Pei-la*, *pei-la*," meaning, "Go get it, Frick; go find it."

Frick darted out, circled sniffing from side to side, and in less than a minute was scratching away with both forepaws, as if he intended to get through to Australia. Barot retrieved the truffle—a classroom sample, apparently, good for several hundred burials—from between Frick's paws, and gave him a piece of bread as a reward. "If my dogs study well," said Barot, "they get some bread; if they disobey, they go hungry."

Every year, beginning in early August, thirty or forty dogs are brought to the Professor by their owners, who pay tuition and board of 3000 to 4000 lire (about \$6) per dog for the two or three weeks' course. After graduation, the dogs find so many truffles for their masters that if they are sold, which rarely happens, they fetch as much as 100,000 lire.

The dogs should be young—Frick was eight months old. But the clever, quiet, black-and-white Fido was a sedate college man of four years—the postgraduate type, serious and ambitious. Practically all of the student dogs are mongrels. When we asked Barot what breed made the best truffle dogs, he answered, "The son of a smart lawyer may turn out to be a fool, and the son of a foolish, ignorant peasant can grow up to be a smart lawyer."

When a freshman dog arrives, Barot gives him nothing to eat for the first two days. Then he takes him out and throws a rag toy for him to bring back over and over again. Every time the dog brings it back, he gets a bit of bread. After a

while Barot throws small pieces of truffle instead of the rag. Then he begins to hide the truffle, making it gradually more and more difficult to find, and always rewarding the dog for success. Sniff by sniff, mouthful by mouthful, this builds up in the dog's simple but logical brain an association between finding a smelly, uneatable truffle and getting a delicious piece of bread. Soon the dog is able to detect truffles as deep as a foot below the surface.

Barot believes that any young dog can be taught, barring a few so scatterbrained that they will tear off after a rabbit if its scent crosses that of a truffle.

The Professor unfastened the four-year-old black-and-white Fido and we all went down a muddy lane, Barot in the lead, with his truffle trowel stuck through the back of his belt. We filed through a gate into a grove of hazelnut trees planted in rows, which Barot said had always been a good place for truffles.

"But won't the owner of the grove object?" we asked. Signor Morra explained that finders were keepers in the truffle country, and that anyone was free to hunt truffles on your land, and you on his. It was considered good hunting manners to replace the divots.

Fido began casting about, nose to the ground, with the frenzied concentration of a dog who has just mislaid the trail of a deer. Barot followed him, talking to him all the while, quietly, persistently, hypnotically. "*Pei-la*, Fido," he was saying, "*pei-la, beica ben*"—"Go get it, Fido; keep looking."

Suddenly Fido stopped, and began to dig furiously with his forepaws. In an instant Barot was on his knees, chopping out the earth around the truffle before Fido's claws could damage it. Then he straightened up and showed us a truffle about the size of a grape, but smelling, as a truffle should, of caverns

measureless to man. Meanwhile Fido danced around Barot and stood on his hind legs, quivering with eagerness to get his piece of bread. At that moment the owner of the grove, a heavy-set red-faced farmer, came out of his house to watch us. "I wish you luck," he said cheerily. "I hope you will find a big one, so that you can eat it with your lunch."

For nearly an hour Barot and Fido hunted in the dappled sunlight between the hazel trees. Barot's ceaseless "*Pei-la, pei-la*" tugged at Fido with a leash of gentle words. Every five minutes or so Fido would scratch away and another truffle would be unearthed. But they were small ones, and savorless—hardly worth keeping. "It is unfortunately not a good season," Barot apologized, "August was too dry."

Truffles are born early in the summer, but for many weeks they have no detectable odor and remain so small that they wouldn't be worth digging up anyhow. They are a sort of parasite, attached to the trees under which they grow by microscopic little filaments, and they are mysteriously responsive to the cycle of the tree's life. From late September to January is the season for hunting them, and by autumn, if there has been enough rain in August, they can swell up to a great size.

When Fido had fully demonstrated how well he had learned his lessons, we drove back to Alba, where Signor Morra gave us a lunch which it would be unfriendly ever to forget, but perhaps unwise ever to repeat. Our host sat at one end of the table opposite Professor Barot.

First we had hors d'oeuvres, among them large yellow peppers, squelchy hot in their own juice and covered with truffles. Then we had some more of the yellow peppers all by themselves with more truffles, which looked like little speckled leaves. When served raw, truffles, of all the condiments,

have the hardest savor to describe but the easiest to detect. Next we had *insalata di filetti di pollo tartufati*, a sort of minced chicken salad, hot, and as melting in the mouth as its name is poetic to the ear. It was delicately shingled with truffles.

At this point Signor Morra presented us with two of the slicers—one stainless steel and one silver—from which truffles are made to fall gently upon the awaiting dish. “Whenever it gets dull,” said Signor Morra, “you just put in another razor blade. Gillette.” And he signaled to the hovering white-coated waiter to pour us all a second glass of the first red wine—or perhaps it was the first glass of the second.

After that we ate succulent mushrooms, chopped fine, with truffles on top of them, and kneaded into them, and all through them, and influencing them profoundly. There was more wine, and the clink of forks, and smacking noises which faded into the main course, one of the Grand Hotel Savona’s specialties: raviolini, with truffles. Raviolini are midget ravioli, one of the most painless ways of conveying finely chopped meat to his interior ever invented by man.

The raviolini were followed by a *fonduta all’Albese con tartufi*, a rich, creamy-yellow cheese-melt, or Welsh rabbit, with truffles but without beer or nightmares.

There seemed to be no pauses in the food, and fewer, thanks to the third and fourth wines, in the conversation. Signor Morra told us how the family business—founded in 1863—cans truffles and sends them all over the world. “No one else,” he said as crisply as if he had been eating nothing but dry toast, “exports anything like the amount of white truffles we do.” He was interrupted by the arrival of a civet of chamois, in strips miraculously sauced, and crowned with truffles.

As this seemed to be approximately the seventh dish, or inning, some of us thought of standing up but were deterred by the serving of a final wine, the great Barolo, followed by a chocolate cake with icing molded to resemble truffles. "In Alba," Signor Morra continued over the coffee (no truffles), "we have a Truffle Fair every year and select a Truffle Queen, or *Reginetta*. Last year our Miss Truffle was Graziella Fornaseri, only fifteen. Beautiful legs." He passed round her picture. They were indeed.

"Before the war, our friend Barot here always had a float in the truffle parade. It was a sort of two-story house on wheels. Upstairs there were musicians; downstairs Barot and some of his prize pupils. He had buried some truffles in the earth on the floor of the float, and in front of the judges' stand he would turn the dogs loose to find them and dig them up. Everyone cheered, and then Barot would sing his song."

And at our table Barot broke into a quavering ballad about his truffle doggerels:

Come one, come all—be not afraid,
Though you're not pedigreed;
For any hound can learn the trade,
No matter what his breed.

We asked the Professor if he had ever had a dog of his own. "Only one," was the answer. "For eighteen years. He used to wake me at dawn by tugging at the bed sheets, as if to say 'Master, it is a beautiful morning. We must go truffle hunting.' This Fido—you saw him this morning—he is a good dog, a fine student, but he must go back to his master in Brescello. He should have gone today, but I kept him over so you could see how a well-trained dog works. Every year

when school is over and the dogs have all gone home, that is just when the truffle hunting begins. So I get a dog for myself, and train him quickly, and then go hunting."

What kind of a dog did he pick out? "Oh, any young dog." Could any dog be taught to hunt truffles? "Yes," Barot answered, "any intelligent dog." Then there were dogs which lacked intelligence? "No," said Barot with a twinkle, "it is only that some dogs are more intelligent than others."

We had seen how patient and kind he was, and we wondered how the student dogs felt at leaving him after graduation. "Every year, after school is over," Barot answered quietly, "there are one or two dogs which run away from their masters and come back to me. But of course I have to return them."

When at last we left the table and drove the Professor home to Roddi, the shadows were long over the golden countryside. The feast had made us pensive, and we were also sad at the thought that Battista Monchiero, Professor Barot, who had inherited from his father and his grandfather a useful and rare and kindly art, together with much wisdom, was perhaps the last of the truffle-dog schoolmasters. Of his six sons, those who survived the wars are doing other things and show no interest in truffles, or in dogs, or in teaching one how to find the other.

When we parted with Barot, the village church bell was ringing, and as the Professor climbed slowly up the steep path toward his campus, the ancient, friendly sound was accompanied by the barking of many little dogs.

"The Only Way Out—Is Out"



THE FILE ON ALFRED LAUTERBACH, prisoner number 1880 in Brandenburg penitentiary, showed that he had been sentenced to twenty-five years for the crime of conspiracy against the German Soviet State. Twenty-five years! Long before that time was up a merciful death would grant him amnesty. The file said nothing about his having lost fifty-seven pounds while a prisoner.

In the last days of the war Lauterbach's brother died by torture at the hands of Soviet soldiers. Alfred, then a young painter of portraits and landscapes, threw himself into underground resistance, and in 1949 was arrested, tried by a Russian military court, and given a sentence which ran until 1974.

When our story begins, he had been in Brandenburg prison two years. His clothes were striped; his head was cropped; his wide, restless, burning eyes were sunk deep in an ever

more and more cheekboned face. Only the fierce desire to be free again kept him from a slow coughing death in the prison hospital.

The food was lamentable; meat appeared only once in a long while. But when there was any, the bones were useful for the immemorial code of the prison grapevine: a smart rap against the wall was a dot; a slow scratch was a dash.

Worst of all for Lauterbach was the knowledge that the skill of his hand and eye was rusting away. And his mind as well—for two years he had nothing at all to read. The day had a hundred hours; he sat alone with his thoughts in a cell where he could hear children playing and laughing in the free world beyond the walls, yet never see them.

In the spring of 1952 Lauterbach was suddenly taken from his cell, shown some posters, and asked how long it would take him to paint others like them. They were the kind of propaganda posters and banners without which no Communist institution, from town hall to dog pound, can consider itself properly dressed.

Though he hated the regime and all its slogans, Lauterbach jumped at the chance to hold a paintbrush in his hand once more. It seemed to him a question of life or death.

The next morning a police officer he had never seen before escorted him—with a barked-out “Left!” “Right!” at the turns in the corridors—up, up to a long, narrow room with a high window on the top floor of the prison. Here on a trestle table lay paper, pencils, cloth streamers, pots of paint. He was given a dozen slips of paper with slogans typed on them; he was told to hurry, and locked in.

As soon as he felt sure of being undisturbed, Lauterbach shoved the table under the high window, set the chair on the table, and climbed up for his first glimpse of freedom in

three years—water sparkling under sunlight, the young earth green with May.

Then he climbed down and went to work. One of the banners, he remembers, was something about “Friendship Between German and Soviet Youth.”

There was such sheer joy in the simple act of watching color spread under his brush that before he knew it his new guard was standing at the door to take him down to his cell.

An unusually young man for the master sergeant’s stars on his shoulder straps, Lauterbach thought, and looked at him more closely. Smart blue uniform, straw-blond hair showing under the jaunty cap, unblinking eyes set like marbles in a poker face of almost baby pink—here was a perfect specimen of the new Communist-trained People’s Police: green as a cucumber but hard as nails.

His name was Horst Bock, and he was twenty-two, so he had known only the Germany of Hitler, the war, and the Soviet regime. As an apprentice pastry cook, Bock felt he wasn’t getting anywhere, so at seventeen, urged by a friend’s father who was a People’s Policeman and kept saying, “We need young fellows like you,” he too enlisted in the *Volks-polizei*—the Vopo. But Bock really had no politics. Even the massive doses of Marx and Lenin which he got at Police School, and which his good brain easily absorbed, didn’t incline him emotionally one way or the other. If you were a good recruit, you stood dutifully in the rain, whether the downpour was words or water. He learned to take it, but also to dish it out, and he became well versed and fluent in Communist doctrine.

When the proper time came, as it did to all promising young Vopos, he was told to join the Communist party. This seems to have bothered him a bit, until the Vopo father of

his friend pointed out that if one didn't join one couldn't hope for promotion. "I saw no harm in it," says Bock now, "I just went along."

He emerged from his schooling a specialist. At Brandenburg he was assigned to the prison's overworked, three-man "Political Division," where he censored the East German papers before they were given to the inmates, looked after the library for the prison staff of 300, and lectured to them regularly on Communist history, ideology, policy. They were attentive (they had to be); they were nearly all of them his subordinates in rank; he felt important.

And materially life was good. Bock's young wife, also a Vopo, with the rank of corporal, worked in the prison's teletype department. They had two small children and lived practically rent-free in one of the comfortable staff houses near the prison. By East German standards their combined pay was high—for a young married couple remarkably high—a thousand marks a month.

If Bock was far from being a convinced Communist, he was at any rate an obedient, industrious, useful, and appreciated servant of the State, and he had no idea of "choosing freedom," or indeed of anything but the path ahead of him, which clearly led upward.

For several months, every other day or so, Bock—pink, gleaming, firm of eye and step—would leave his shaky, gray-faced prisoner locked in to the task of painting posters, or blowing up, to several times their size in life or history, the paunchy figure of puppet-President Pieck or of Premier Ulbricht with his Leninlike goatee.

The routine was unvaried. At the sound of the key in the door, Lauterbach would jump to the window of his cell, according to the regulations, and close it, so that those in the

neighboring cells could not hear what the guard might say. Then Bock with a sharp “*Raus!*” and a staccato of “*Rechts! Links!*” would steer him upstairs to the studio workroom. There they spoke only the words required by duty or the job.

But each was sizing up the other.

Lauterbach saw in Bock a tool of the power he feared and loathed. But how ruthless a tool, or how pliable, he did not know. So he kept his mouth shut, watched, listened with more than his ears, and waited.

Lauterbach, on the other hand, impressed Bock more and more by his talent, his concentration, the sort of passion he put into making a good job of slogans as dreary as “Help Our Shock Workers Fulfill the Five-Year Plan.” Bock could not feel, he said much later, that Lauterbach was a criminal, but thought of him rather an opponent of the regime, whom it was logical to lock up, just as the Bolsheviks in their time had been locked up by their opponents.

Imperceptibly, without either’s realizing it at first, the ice melted. The tone of Bock’s commands became more human; occasionally he would offer a word of praise, or now and then a mild joke, of the kind men everywhere—sergeant and rookie, foreman and lathe hand, even master and slave—exchange to lubricate time as well as the machine.

Their relations reached the point where Bock one morning asked Lauterbach, who had been an officer in the war, about a question of military tactics raised in the course of a lecture to the Vopos. Lauterbach was helpful, definite, and Bock thanked him.

Bock was curious about this rather sympathetic prisoner, and looked up his record in the files. (As a political officer Bock had the right to do this.) It was starkly brief: there had been a two-minute trial, followed by a five-word ex-

planation of a twenty-five-year sentence. Bock wanted to know more.

One fateful day in September, when he came to take Lauterbach down from the workshop, Bock asked, "Just what are you in prison for?"

Impulsively, without thinking, Lauterbach burst out, "I was branded as a criminal because I fought against crime."

It was as if the cork had been pulled from a bottle; everything came spuming and foaming out after it. The tale of the meaningless, heartless injustice of which so many had been the victims. The hundreds, the thousands, of decent people now sitting in solitary cells for the crime of protest and indignation. The sentences of twenty-five years for trivial offenses, for offenses they hadn't committed, for imaginary offenses which no one had committed.

Bock's plain duty, according to training and regulation, was to interrupt a prisoner who started sounding off, to shout at him that he was telling lies, and to report him. Instead, Bock listened to Lauterbach without a word, fascinated. It was all news to him, horrible, revealing, interesting. "He may be lying," Bock remembers saying to himself, "I must find out if it checks. If he turns out not to be lying, then he should not be punished."

But at one point in Lauterbach's tirade Bock went to the door and opened it to see if anyone was listening. With this gesture, though neither of them realized it at the time, he had crossed the divide, had made himself Lauterbach's accomplice.

Then, without a word, Bock took Lauterbach down to his cell. Once alone, Lauterbach was horrified at what he had done. Bock would report him, of course. It meant weeks in

the punishment cell. Worse—the loss of the poster-painting job which had given him life and hope.

He had endured three weeks' punishment cell before now, for trying to hide a bit of lead from a pencil stub. One had a pound of dry bread a day to eat; one slept on boards, without blankets. The cell was deep underground. There was no light, and triple doors made it completely soundless.

For almost a week no one came to take him up to the workshop. He sat idle, alone, waiting for the ax to fall. And then one morning Bock came for him, escorted him upstairs, and set him a task as if nothing had happened.

Inside Bock's mind and heart a great deal had happened. He had talked to dozens of other prisoners. Lauterbach had told him only a fraction of the truth.

At that time the first steps toward an amnesty of political prisoners were being taken in Soviet Germany. Many of the inmates of Brandenburg were being questioned, in the hope, which all too often did not prove vain, that some prisoners would confess, recant, grovel, beg the government for mercy, whereupon they would be given a measure of well-supervised “freedom.”

It was part of Bock's job to help with the preliminary questioning. Under cover of this he talked to almost a hundred prisoners, and unearthed a sickening succession of cases of doctors, lawyers, teachers, officers, civil servants, businessmen, sentenced to ten, fifteen, twenty-five years for political “crimes” which were trumped up or grotesquely vague. Lauterbach had opened his eyes, and he was now using them for himself.

He said little to Lauterbach, but Lauterbach realized that Bock was coming his way and began to push him hard, with awkward questions, barbed remarks, more stories of crass

injustice; with selected clippings from the Soviet Zone papers. "Ten Thousand Cheer Party Leaders," a Communist headline would boast, though Bock, who had been to the meeting, had seen for himself that only a few hundred had turned out.

One day Lauterbach launched into a savage (and of course treasonable as well as criminally slanderous) attack on puppet-Premier Ulbricht who, he said, had betrayed former German Communist comrades to the Gestapo when he was in Moscow helping the Russians make good on their end of the Hitler-Stalin friendship pact. There was also a little matter of double murder which Herr Ulbricht had never satisfactorily explained.

Bock let Lauterbach talk. At the end, he remarked, "Be glad you said all this to me and not to someone else."

Quietly Bock had committed himself. It wasn't a conversion, in the sense that after a blinding flash of light he hit the sawdust trail. He was a man in a tunnel—a rather confused young man in a long tunnel, moving cautiously, tenaciously toward the light. It was a one-way tunnel; he could never go back. That was Lauterbach's doing—Lauterbach's eloquence, his fierce honesty, his unanswerable facts.

"And now," says Bock, "I began to try to help the prisoners." In several extremely dangerous ways. As in all prisons, the inmates of Brandenburg managed to smuggle secret notes to one another. When these notes were intercepted and taken by a guard to Bock, he would consult Lauterbach. If Lauterbach said that the prisoner was "O.K.," nothing more would happen.

Even more dangerous was his identifying to Lauterbach some of the stool pigeons among the prisoners. Lauterbach

would then discreetly pass round the word that so-and-so would squeal and mustn't be trusted.

In order to avert suspicion as to his real opinions, Bock now redoubled his political work. In his frequent lectures to the Vopo staff, he kept strictly to the party line; he avoided even the permissible degree of criticism and did nothing but praise and glorify the regime.

But he was being watched—everyone on the prison staff was watching everyone else—and one small slip might ruin him.

Then he fell ill. For four weeks he was at home, with the pressure off him, with plenty of time to think things out. It became clear to him that he was doing illegal work, that he had in effect joined the underground. Sooner or later—it always happened—he would betray himself. There was only one solution.

When he came back to the prison, at the first opportunity he sought out Lauterbach, fastened his cool, steady eyes on him, and said, “The only way out of all this—is *out*.”

“That should not be difficult,” replied Lauterbach. Dozens of People's Police were going over to the West every week.

“No,” said Bock, “it's going to be extremely difficult, because when I go I shall take you with me.”

Lauterbach was flabbergasted. A policeman and an inmate escaping together from the same prison, and from Brandenburg of all places! It was insane.

But Bock was unshakable. He would not seek freedom without the friend who had opened his eyes. It might be done like this. . . .

Every minute of their brief meetings was spent planning a joint escape.

Brandenburg prison had been built in 1928, in the happy

days long before Hitler and Soviet Germany, when crime was still private enterprise and not yet a monopoly of the state. Brandenburg was what the jargon of penologists calls an "institution of maximum security." The buildings were enclosed within a 20-foot wall, at each corner of which stood a watchtower, manned by guards with machine guns. Fixed searchlights glared pitilessly down upon a strip of bright yellow sand just within the wall. Any prisoner mad enough to step from the yard's concrete onto this blinding tropic beach was instantly shot dead.

Everyone and everything that went out of the prison's two gates was scrutinized. At unpredictable times there were spot checks when men and goods were searched down to the last button or rivet. Because Brandenburg was more than filling its quota of tuberculosis, there was a steady trickle of lifeless bodies from the hospital. In every case the coffin lid was removed and the deadness of the corpse certified.

The classic method of escape—the food package, the smuggled hacksaw's nocturnal, mouselike nibbling at the window bars, the perilous descent down knotted sheets and blankets—was out of the question at Brandenburg. Each steel bar was double. The outer bar was a fixed hollow tube, enclosing a smaller bar which revolved freely in its sockets. A prisoner who, after months of agonized planning and suspense, was fortunate enough to saw through the outer bar, would go insane trying to find a way of getting a grip with the saw on the inner one.

These bars were the symbol of Brandenburg, a prison from which no one, in all the twenty-five years of its existence, had ever escaped.

Carefully, with *grundlich* German attention to minute detail, aided by his intimate knowledge of the prison's routine,

Bock went over all the possibilities: fake papers, a guard's uniform, throwing the switch on the searchlights and scaling the wall in the dark, cramming Lauterbach in the trunk of a car—even the wild idea of arming enough prisoners to stage a gigantic jail delivery of all 3000 of them. None of these plans would do.

And once he and Lauterbach were out, just how would they shoot and swim their way across the watery border between Potsdam and West Berlin? How would Bock get his wife and two children to safety?

They were working hard on their plans when suddenly the bottom fell out of everything. Bock was transferred to another post and left Brandenburg on a few hours' notice.

A stouter heart even than Lauterbach's would have been tempted to despair.

With Bock away, he was seldom asked to paint or to letter posters. Time stretched out and out like a rubber band that never snapped. To kill it, he invented strange games and disciplines with the tasteless food. He would roll the bread dough into little sticks, arrange them neatly in rows, and eat them in a different order each day.

Even the sanest mind, the strongest will, needs something to cling to in prison. Lauterbach had picked up an ordinary wire nail which he kept all the years he was in Brandenburg, sometimes in his pocket; more often, since sharp objects were contraband and he might be searched, hidden in a hole in the wall of his cell. The nail became his fetish, his mascot, his companion.

The better part of a year went by. Then, two days after Christmas, as unexpectedly as he had gone, Horst Bock was in Brandenburg again, transferred back at his own request.

Lauterbach's hopes blazed up when he realized that Bock

was as keen as ever to attempt the double escape. Bock had been to Berlin and could easily have gone over to freedom alone. Instead he had carefully photographed the shoreline by the Glienicker Bridge, where they would have to swim, so that Lauterbach could make that last lap alone if they should have to separate. But they would have to wait for warmer weather. Lauterbach, weakened by prison life, could not risk that 300-yard swim in winter.

Again for weeks, for months, they watched, planned, eliminated, until one last possibility remained. Among the perquisites of the prison staff was the scrap from the carpenter shop. When the kindling wood had piled high enough, the guard whose turn it was would cram it into a sack and wheel it out past the gates in a handcart to his house. Usually the sentries would only prod the misshapen sack. But once in a while they disemboweled it.

One hot June morning Bock could have been seen standing in a hallway near the gate. Beside him, propped stiffly against the wall, was a huge sack, bulging with corners, points, and angles. It was a busy spot, and Bock was well liked, so many guards and officials stopped to chat with him. Some leaned briefly against the wall beside the sack, others made as if to poke it, absent-mindedly. If any of them noticed the sweat on Bock's face, they put it down to the heat.

Suddenly Bock heard one of his fellow policemen mention the Security Officer. It was a straw too much. Security Officer—so they knew! His nerve gave way. The moment he was alone, instead of hauling the sack out to the handcart, he ripped it open, pulled Lauterbach out, and had the telltale sawdust and splinters brushed off him in a few seconds. Then he hid him in one of the workshops until he could take him back to his cell.

That night Bock drank a great deal too much. It was his birthday.

And then, and there, our tale might have ended, but for a totally trivial incident in a completely unlikely place: a shortage of a hundred marks or so in the accounts of the cultural-political section to which Bock was attached.

In a dictatorship, important people have been known to pass into oblivion through holes even smaller than this one, so there was flurry and worry among Bock's superiors. Bock heard of it and had a flash of inspiration. Why not plug the financial hole by selling the old newspapers piled high in a storeroom on the top floor? The authorities, much relieved, told him to go ahead and get it done.

On Wednesday, July 7, Master Sergeant Horst Bock gave his less-enlightened fellow policemen a learned and ideologically faultless lecture on the history of the Communist Party of the USSR.

The next morning, Thursday the 8th, Alfred Lauterbach had been in Brandenburg penitentiary exactly five years to the day. At about eight o'clock a covered truck backed up to the doors of the prison office building and waited while a squad of inmates, with Horst Bock in charge, climbed back and forth to the storeroom on the top floor, where Lauterbach handed each man a heavy bundle of newspapers. These were loaded one by one into the truck.

The last bundle was taken down by Lauterbach himself. Inside the newspapers was hidden a suit of civilian clothes. Under the inattentive windows of the office staff, he carried this into the depths of the truck. Bock climbed in after him, and quickly built over him a hiding place of bundled newspapers. The truck pulled out.

It was raining. At the last gate, as at the first, the guards, with their collars turned up, looked in and saw a load of old newspapers, with Bock, who outranked the guards by a good deal, sitting on them. They waved the driver on.

When Lauterbach felt the truck stop and start for the second time, he peeled off the prison stripes and hurried into the civilian clothes. It was like getting dressed inside a trunk.

As the truck slowed for a stop sign, Lauterbach hopped down. A moment later Bock got off. The two men walked into the city of Brandenburg a hundred yards apart, like strangers.

It was now after nine. At noon there would be a roll call of the inmates. The guarded border between Potsdam and West Berlin was difficult and dangerous enough; as soon as Lauterbach showed up missing, a crash alarm with road-blocks, dogs, radio cars, motorcycle cops, police launches, would triple-seal it. They had thirty miles and a risky swim before them.

By taxi and bus the two silent fugitives—the elegant pink-faced police sergeant and the civilian with the white pasty face and the sunken eyes, rode, taut as watch springs, into Potsdam.

They walked, not too quickly, through the lawns and hedges of Babelsberg, where many of the higher Russian officers had their villas, and down to a deserted spot on the shore of the Havel. Here Bock took off his tunic, Lauterbach his jacket. Still wearing their shoes, they waded into the chilly water and struck out for the farther shore.

Rain was falling steadily; the wind raised choppy little waves; Lauterbach could not make good time. But the visibility at least was bad, though good enough for them to see the

Vopo guard on the Soviet end of the Glienicker Bridge. Could he see them?

Halfway across they heard the sound they had been dreading most—the gurgling put-put of a motorboat. The noise became a spot in the drizzle; the spot became a launch which seemed to be bearing down on them.

Or was it? Unbelievably, perhaps because of the dim light and the steady rain, perhaps because the waves concealed their bobbing heads, the Soviet police, whom they could clearly make out huddled in the cabin, did not see them. The launch came abreast of them, a few dozen yards away, and then put-putted down the lake.

They swam on; stumbled ashore, wet as otters; saw the uniforms and shakos of the West Berlin police; and surrendered at last to freedom, their teeth chattering with chill and joy.

The rest, like all happy endings, is quickly told. After the usual screening, they were granted political asylum and flown out to West Germany.

Bock's wife, the teletypist corporal, though she seems to have convinced her superiors that she knew nothing of the plot and that her husband had basely deserted her, was placed under house arrest for several weeks. Then, because she was pregnant, she was allowed to go and consult a doctor. Taking her two young children with her, she slipped into West Berlin.

Bock's family—there are five of them now—live in a small Bavarian town. With Lauterbach's help, he is learning photography.

While Bock studies, Lauterbach carves, with affectionate

precision, wooden figures in the tradition of his native Saxony: a goose teasing a little girl, dappled deer no larger than a watch charm, fairy-tale figurines sturdily but delicately alive.

They Swapped Everything But Their Wives



NO, THEY DIDN'T SWAP WIVES—or children either. But for a whole year they swapped jobs, homes, friends, schools, pets, skies, languages, in one of the most hard-headed and gay-hearted adventures in international living ever tried.

Wallace Oldstrom had a laundry and dry-cleaning business in the city of Jamestown, in western New York near Lake Chautauqua. With his brunette wife, Dorothy, and their teen-age children, Martha and Stephen, he lived in a comfortable house at 143 Cook Avenue. Their dog's name was Pepper.

Nils Martin had a dry-cleaning and laundry business in the bustling seaport of Gothenburg, on the west coast of Sweden. With his blond wife, Barbro, and their three children (Monica, thirteen; Lena, twelve; and Tomas, six), he lived in a big cheerful house at 46 Danska Vägen. Their dog's name was Fiffi Lotta.

One summer day in 1946, says Nils, "An American dropped in at my laundry and asked to see it." It was Wally Oldstrom, on a visit to distant relatives in Sweden. The next summer Nils visited the United States and spent a few days with the Oldstroms in Jamestown. For several years the two exchanged letters. Then the letters dwindled down to Christmas cards—so often the prelude to silence.

Out of the blue, eight years after their first meeting, Nils got from Wally a letter which changed nine lives. "Dorothy and I were wondering," it said, "if you and your family could spend a year living in our home in Jamestown. You could be the managing director of my business, and I would pay you my salary. In exchange, we would go to Sweden and live in your house, and I would manage your business for you. . . . The idea is of course startling, but the more one thinks about it, the more logical it seems. . . ."

It *was* startling, yet after only a few days of discussion Nils cabled an enthusiastic "Yes." Then he mailed Wally Oldstrom a description of his house, "including the pop-up toaster bought in the United States," photographs of his motorboat and his dog, and some financial facts: the Gothenburg housekeeping budget, for instance, would come to about \$1400 for the year.

From Jamestown Wally sent an application to the King of Sweden for permission to let him, a foreigner, manage a Swedish corporation. He also sent Nils the affidavit of support needed for entry into the United States on the Swedish quota. As to business details for the year's swap, each man agreed to take, from the other's business, \$6000 before taxes. And each would leave on the job, for the other's guidance, his own highly competent assistant. But not a word of this understanding was ever put on paper.

In June 1955 the Martins, sailing west from Sweden, and the Oldstroms, driving east from Jamestown, met in New York. For the wives and children, it was the first meeting. After a few days' sightseeing, Wally handed house keys and car keys to Nils and sailed east, while the Martins piled into the Oldstrom station wagon and drove west.

They found the white Oldstrom house on one of the pleasantest of Jamestown's brick-paved streets. The black spaniel, Pepper, wagged his tail but seemed puzzled at these strangers in his own home. In the modern, gaily painted kitchen—so compact that Barbro could reach practically everything without moving—was all she needed except milk and butter. By the telephone hung a list of useful numbers—butcher, grocer, doctor, dentist.

Though by now all Jamestown knew about the transatlantic swap, Nils was surprised, the very first time he went into one of the stores, to be greeted by a cheery "Hi, Nils, what can we do for you today?"

Wally's business, Park Cleaners, was much smaller than Nils's own and seemed to run itself, so at first Nils didn't quite know what to do. He was shy, and though by nature friendly, he came from a land where social relations are stiffened by the starch of convention. Wally's employees say that Nils "used to stalk from the office into the shop once or twice a day, stare at us as if we weren't there, and stalk out again."

Eventually Nils thawed, but it took time. Time—and people like Mrs. Anna Nelson, a jolly, ample soul who irons shirts all day with zest and skill. One morning, as Nils walked by, she stopped him and said, "Come on, Nils, iron a shirt!" He did, then and there, for the first time in his life.

Through the winter, as they taught him to press, fold,

spot-clean, and run many of the machines with his own hands, Wally's people would laugh and say, "Nils, you're doing fine!"

As a result Nils became more interested in the practical side of the clothes-cleaning business than he had thought possible. He went to Silver Springs, Maryland, to study at the National Institute of Dry Cleaning for several days and later spent an absorbing fortnight taking the management course of the American Institute of Laundering at its model plant in Joliet, Illinois. He came back with a gleam in his eye, his mental sleeves rolled up, and a lot of ideas, some of which his engineer-trained mind translated into action.

After long study of Wally's plant, Nils made an elaborate, beautifully drawn chart of its "work flow," showing how the machines could be more efficiently located. Yet he had to admit, he said, that, on the whole, American methods were ten years ahead of Swedish.

Though Barbro and Nils Martin put down deep roots that winter in Jamestown, some Swedish ways clung to them obstinately. It was months before Nils, even among friends, seemed at ease without tie or coat. And neighbors noticed how the Martins, whenever the winter sun came out, would come out of the house too, as people do in Sweden, and sit down somewhere and raise their faces to drink in its rays as if they didn't expect to see it again for a long time.

Barbro and Nils came to Jamestown speaking a fluent, though slightly creaky, English. There were three separate kinds of American spoken at 143 Cook Avenue: Nils's shop talk and trade terms, Barbro's housekeeping and social vocabulary, the school slang brought home by the girls. Each was often incomprehensible to the others.

When Tomas arrived in America, he knew just two words of English: "ice cream." For weeks he was silent. Then almost overnight he was bilingual, talking racy, copious, small-boy American, and bringing into the house so many strange words that his parents wondered if some of them wouldn't have been better left outside, like muddy shoes.

Their American classmates found Monica and Lena unusually attractive, intelligent girls, though a bit formal at first. They were soon talked out of wearing long black woolen stockings, but it was some weeks before they stopped curtsying automatically every time they passed a teacher in the halls. "Too bad," observed one teacher. "I found it charming." After a while Monica and Lena were just saying "Hi," like all the other girls.

Both girls were good students. They were delighted to find how much lighter their homework was than in Sweden. In time, Monica's teachers graded her as if she were American. Surprisingly, she led her class in English spelling and was above average in English composition. And she developed into a really good softball pitcher. Indeed the whole family was becoming so American that toward the end Barbro and Nils no longer read the Gothenburg newspapers that were sent to them regularly.

All that wonderful year Nils acted as an informal ambassador for Sweden. He had been a Rotarian in Gothenburg, and while in the United States he gave several dozen talks on Sweden, usually illustrated with his own color slides and films.

For the Martins, their great American experiment closed in a rush of festivities, now and then sprinkled with tears. Lena's teachers and schoolmates presented her with a special scrapbook; the Mayor of Jamestown made Nils an honorary

citizen. And the Martins surprised and pleased the teachers by calling on them to thank them for all that they had done for the girls.

Parting was difficult—especially from Pepper, who by now considered himself their dog. Later Monica confessed that she had cried all the way to Buffalo.

Almost 4000 miles away, the Oldstroms had found Gothenburg a cosmopolitan city of great docks, shipyards, and industries; of enormous modern housing developments, any one of which was almost the size of Jamestown. Nils's business, the Gloria Lundby Dry Cleaning and Laundry Company, was the second largest of its kind in Sweden.

Though Wally and Dorothy had been studying Swedish hard for more than a year, it was still what Wally calls "Swinglish." For the first weeks Wally did nothing at Gloria Lundby but look and listen, while Nils's 170 employees restrained their curiosity about this dark-haired, large-eyed, energetic-looking American with the not-quite-Swedish name.

As several of the Gloria Lundby receiving shops seemed to need brightening up, Wally bought paints and did the job himself—to the amazement of the employees. "A *Direktör* doesn't do that," said some of them, but admiringly. With even less regard for managerial dignity, Wally often drove a delivery truck, repaired lights himself rather than wait for the handyman, and during one of Sweden's rare heat waves took the place of a presser who had stayed home. At the great annual Gothenburg fair Gloria Lundby took a booth, and Wally dry-cleaned visitors' clothes on the spot free of charge.

Wally's way with the people in the plant seemed to them most un-Swedish. He soon knew everyone by name, and always said "Hello" as he went by. As he showed foreign visitors

around, he would introduce them to the employees. "He made us see that he thought of us as people, not machines," they say of him now. "He was interested in our ideas and took time to listen to them."

In Carl Olof Breitfeld, Nils's general manager, Wally found a man after his own heart. Together they worked out a number of ingenious campaigns. In cooperation with Gulin's, a men's clothing store, Gloria Lundby offered to dry-clean free any suit with the Gulin label. (Gulin of course paid for the cleaning.) The venture was a huge success. Gulin's sales doubled, and Gloria took in the agreed limit of 1000 suits in three days, many from customers who had never had a suit dry-cleaned before.

But Wally got nowhere with a project for 24-hour or even 48-hour service. The Swedes would have none of it. They don't believe that clothes can be really clean if they come back in less than a week. He, in turn, was impressed by Gloria Lundby's practice of vacuum-cleaning all the pockets of a suit instead of stopping with the trouser cuffs, as in the United States. But he thought the Swedish desire for perfection sometimes went too far. "These Swedish girls," he said later, "were taught to do a work of art. When they folded a shirt, they'd pat it."

In the many-windowed, airy Martin house, Dorothy Oldstrom, unlike Barbro, had no maid. Friends would find her in the kitchen bent over a Swedish cookbook, pencil in one hand, Swedish dictionary in the other. She missed Jamestown's wide choice of packaged and frozen foods but thought Gothenburg's fresh fish wonderful.

There was so much to admire in Gothenburg: the opera, the three flourishing theaters, the excellent art museum, the wealth of modern Swedish architecture, silver, glass, and dec-

oration, so far ahead of her own country's. Swedish women seemed to her slimmer and, for evening parties, better dressed than Americans. But she also felt that it took longer to get to know people in Sweden than at home, though they were firm, fast friends when you did. Until they were well acquainted, people frequently spoke to each other in the third person. At parties one could hear things like, "Will Mrs. Assistant Tax Collector Eriksson have another cup of coffee?"

Much better manners were demanded of children than in America. Parents were far less indulgent. Children didn't expect to be driven everywhere. They used their bikes or walked.

When Martha and Stevie Oldstrom arrived in Gothenburg, they knew much less Swedish than their parents did. As their classmates insisted upon practicing an excellent English on them, they fell behind in their classes and after a while were treated more or less like guests. "I just sat around a lot," confesses Stevie. "I never read so much in my life as I did in Gothenburg."

Martha, in the third class of the Vasa Kommunale Flickskola, was learning how to curtsy properly to her teachers while Monica, in Jamestown's Lincoln Junior High, was unlearning it. Most of Martha's classes—conducted of course in Swedish—were beyond her. She and Stevie soon understood why it was that eighteen-year-old Swedes who had passed the stiff "student examination" were qualified to enter the average American college as juniors.

Early in the winter Wally and Dorothy took the children out of school and in Nils's car they had a glorious holiday on the Continent. When they returned, Stevie didn't go back to school, but often helped his father at Gloria Lundby. His job

was usually uncoiling a soggy mass of bed sheets from the extractor.

Soon after the exchange was over I went to Jamestown to talk to Wally and Dorothy. As they spoke of Sweden, memories revived. "We wouldn't have missed that year for anything," Dorothy said. "I left part of me in Sweden," said Wally. And Nils had written to him: "I feel that we must be relatives."

Martha and Stevie Oldstrom were back in school, promoted along with their classes, although they had missed a whole year. Martha was even assigned to an advanced section.

A few weeks later I saw Nils Martin and his plant and his family in Gothenburg. Tomas evidently understood everything, but wouldn't utter a word of English. Monica was fluent and, like Lena, enthusiastic about their year in America.

Except for one thing: Swedish school standards are so much stricter than those in the United States that both girls, though good students in Jamestown, had been dropped a class in Gothenburg. It did seem unfair, when Martha and Stevie had been promoted after learning much less.

Barbro Martin, who used to have a maid in Gothenburg, after her year in Jamestown felt that she no longer needed one and was doing all her own work.

In Nils's hobby room was an incredible hi-fi hookup which he had assembled while in the United States. On the wall of Monica's room I saw a photograph of the Oldstroms; another of her dog for a year, Pepper; a third of Lucille Ball. Tomas, who more than anyone else misses TV, had pinned up Gene Autry.

As a result of his year in Jamestown, Nils has made some

mechanical improvements in Gloria Lundby and bought some new machines. He imported this idea for an advertising campaign: Gloria Lundby would clean one suit and launder one shirt, both free, for any customer who got a shirt back minus a button.

Some of his people were afraid that Nils would come back bristling with American efficiency and ideas for a speed-up. Instead, now and then when work piles up, he takes a hand in getting it out, which he never used to do. He now calls all his employees, men and women, by their first names, American style, and in return most of them no longer call him "*Direktören*," but Nils.

The Painted Caves of the Tassili



ON A NARROW SANDSTONE LEDGE a thousand miles—and eight thousand years—from civilization, lay a young man with a black beard, his feet bare, his arms stretched up to the overhanging rock. One hand pinned down a fluttering square of paper, while the other slowly traced the faint outline underneath. Gluey flies besieged his mouth; a desert wind hissed sand against the paper.

For sixteen months this artist, with other young French adventurers led by a patient, tenacious scholar and veteran of the desert, Henri Lhote, lived and worked in the bleak silences of the Tassili-n-Ajjer, one of the desolate plateaus of the mountainous Hoggar region in the Sahara. Cut off from the world, they endured heat, cold, a waterless solitude, and a diet of noodles varied now and then with some fried grasshoppers or a lizard. They brought back from their vast outdoor studios roofed with red rock or blue sky hundreds of

life-sized copies, faithful in line and color, of one of the greatest treasures of prehistoric art ever discovered.

The thousands of paintings and engravings on the walls of the Tassili caves span six or seven millennia and record the men, gods, and beasts of a dozen vanished peoples or civilizations. Some of course are naïve scrawlings which none but archaeologists can decipher and enjoy. But many are so strikingly beautiful that only conscious artists of rare natural skill, masters of a daring grace and subtlety of design, could have created them.

The originals of the Tassili collection are in the world's most nearly permanent museum, which is also the emptiest—without guards, endowment, curator, or public. Its existence was unsuspected until fifty years ago, when French officers patrolling the unsubdued Hoggar region began to report curious paintings in the shallow sandstone caves. In 1933 an enthusiastic newcomer to the Sahara, Lieutenant Charles Brenans, while reconnoitering the barren Tassili plateau with his camel troop, found, one after another, whole galleries of pictures of hunters and charioteers, of elephants and herds of cattle, of religious rites and simple family scenes. Deeply stirred, he spent much of his tour of duty as commandant of the oasis and military post of Djanet making sketches of his discoveries.

The French archaeologists and geographers to whom he showed them were greatly excited. Though it was rough and fragmentary, here was new evidence that the Sahara has not always been—as was believed early this century—an empty desolation. Neither the primitive people who painted on those walls, nor the animals they herded and hunted, could have lived there without abundant pasturage and water.

Scientists now are certain that the Sahara was compara-

tively fertile and well populated until about four thousand years ago, which is only yesterday in the millions of years man has been on earth. What happened? One theory is that, perhaps some ten thousand years ago, a vast western Atlantic island sank into the ocean. Whereupon the rain-bearing current which for eons had swept round the island eastward to the coast of Africa turned north—and became the Gulf Stream.

Among the learned men who saw Brenans' eloquent sketches was the ethnologist and explorer Henri Lhote. Orphaned as a child, at fourteen he was earning his living. When he was nineteen, his career as a military pilot was cut short by an accident which left him permanently deaf in one ear. A year later he was promised a job with a scientific expedition to the Sahara and went off to Algiers to join it. But when its leader changed his plans, Lhote found himself stranded. Though he had no money, no friends, no experience of the desert, he was determined to cross the Sahara somehow, on his own. After knocking fruitlessly at many doors, he tried the Director of the Southern Territories, General Meynier. "I like your pioneering spirit, young man," said the general, "but all I have available is a government credit of eighty dollars for fighting locusts in the desert."

With this meager stake, Lhote bought some supplies, a few books about locusts, and a camel, and started off by himself. The Sahara has probably never been tackled by anyone so totally innocent of its lore and its dangers.

For the next four years Lhote sailed its frozen yellow waves. In time it became his career, his hobby, his home, his everything. He has traveled up and down it for more than 50,000 miles, learning to love its beauty, its infinite riddles and its cruelty, its monotonies as well as the violent splendor of its

sunsets. He was continually fascinated by the image of what it must once have been. When he flew over it he could see the dry, winding beds of the tremendous rivers that long ago had watered it. On the ground, he found an abundance of polished arrowheads and axheads from the Neolithic age such as no other part of the world could boast.

He studied and made friends with the scattered people who still cling to the land of the dead rivers, the Tuaregs of the Hoggar—veiled men and unveiled women, with blued skins, proud, free ways and noble gestures. He learned their language, wrote several books about them, often shared their tents on the sandy margins of starvation.

Following Lieutenant Brenans' leads, and constantly making discoveries of his own, Lhote explored the chopped, chaotic Tassili-n-Ajjer for a year and a half, often quite alone. Over and over again, in the sandstone caves scooped out by watercourses tens of thousands of years ago, he found paintings which filled him with wonder and delight. Here, preserved almost intact by the dryness of the air, were the records of many different ages: naked hunters shooting bows and arrows; roundheaded warriors hurling lances; peaceful, aproned herdsmen driving cattle with sweeping horns; men wearing headgear of a faintly Egyptian style. These same walls were also a zoo of thousands of animals. A few of them have long since disappeared from the earth; to find most of the others, such as the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the ostrich, the giraffe, one must now go a thousand miles or more to the south. In some caves Lhote found a jumble of more than a dozen styles, representing as many waves of population. The pictures were one on top of another, as if drawn in different-colored chalks on some communal blackboard for which the eraser had been lost.

The task before him was to get these treasures down on paper, life-size, and in their true pinkish tints. To do this would require time, money, and artists unafraid of hard, uncomfortable, unpaid work. Lhote resolved to organize an expedition. But the war and its aftermath forced him to postpone his plan until 1956, when at last he had the needed backing from various French scientific and government organizations, including the National Center for Scientific Research, and the Museum of Man in Paris, of which Lhote is a staff member.

His first Tassili expedition consisted of a cameraman, Philippe Letellier; a girl who had learned the Berber language, Irene Montandon, who is now his wife; and four painters recruited in Montparnasse. Of the latter, only one, Georges Le Poitevin, a Beaux Arts graduate, already knew the Sahara. Jean Frassati was a talented Italian surrealist. Jacques Violet had made pottery at Vallauris in the Picasso manner. Claude Guichard, though only twenty-three, had already painted several frescoes for mountain churches in his native Dauphiné.

In February 1956, Lhote and this team, plus three tons of everything from drawing tables to can openers, barber's clippers, and penicillin, landed on the airstrip of Djanet, 2000 miles from Paris. From there it was eight days' journey by caravan to the Tassili, over a pass so viciously stony that many of the camels left blood on the trail.

The Tassili's painted caves are scattered over a land much of which is a malign and repetitive waste, lunar in its desolation. A chaos of eroded red sandstone columns runs toward the horizon in regiments of panicked stone. Their shapes are often cruel or absurd: disemboweled silos, dynamited castle turrets, monstrous piles of used truck tires, headless giants at

prayer. Among them straggles a labyrinth of sand-floored canyons, sometimes as narrow as medieval streets, touched by the sun only at high noon. It is like a nightmare city of houses without windows and streets without names. Everywhere leads nowhere; here a man, if he is too long alone, can lose not only his way but his mind.

At the foot of these sandstone pillars, on the walls of half-vaulted caves and overhangs, Henri Lhote and his crew found the paintings. The first expedition worked from sunup to dusk, moving from one site to another, continually discovering, around some unexplored bend of the labyrinth, a whole new wing of their untouched museum.

The scenes of hunters and hunted, the battles between furious acrobatic archers, the great white menacing gods and the small red delicate gazelles, were on bumps and juts and curved overhangs; they went around corners and skipped cracks in the rock. There was scarcely a foot of flat surface. Every inch had to be traced by men on their knees, men on their backs, men balanced perilously on upended tables, men propped up by one of the expedition's Sudanese "boys." Fingers stiffened with the cold, flies buzzed, men cursed the everlasting wind, and the vengeful wind seemed to curse them in turn, tearing the paper away time after time.

The tracings were joined together and transferred to long sheets of paper which had already been tinted the background ochres of the rock. Then began the exacting task of filling in the outlines with just the right shades. The paintings' colors had to be constantly revived by dabbing the porous sandstone with a wet sponge. The Tuaregs, who think a man a fool to waste anything as rare as water on washing himself, were aghast to see whole goatskins-full sacrificed to these vague daubs on a rock wall.

If work was hard, life was even harder. In this land without calendars or churches there were no days off. They received few letters and no newspapers, and since there was no light after work was done, read no books and played no cards. In time they got used to never washing, to never having fresh vegetables, to the way one of the expedition's "boys" filtered drinking water through his turban—which he also used as a dishrag, a handkerchief, or exactly the right thing with which to wipe his feet.

In the Tassili, Europeans cannot live off the country. The only possible local additions to their diet are grasshoppers, which such old Sahara hands as Henri Lhote insist taste like shrimp when roasted in the campfire, or the agezaram, a lizard which the Tuaregs promise their children for dessert if they behave. Some of the French wouldn't touch these, others vaguely muttered "lobster," but all agreed that an agezaram's tiny claws sticking up out of a plate of noodles were less than appetizing.

The Tuaregs call spring the time when the heart beats quicker; autumn, the season for marriage and wearing fine clothes. In summer, they say, butter runs but men stay where they are; in winter butter stands still but men travel far and fast.

Lhote's crew were less romantic about the climate, about the great fierce Saharan winds that rise with the sun and blow all day. In summer this flood of air, furnace-hot at noon, is often barbed with the myriad stings of particles of quartz. In the high Tassili, when the sun sets, the wind falls, but the temperature tumbles too, replacing one torment with another. And all year the air, nervous with electricity and intensely dry, thins the blood and files down the spirit to the breaking point.

In December Lhote's painters had to stop work because of the cold. The water-filled goatskins froze solid; the Tuareg children's teeth chattered in their tents all night. Leaving Guichard in the Tassili, Lhote and the others went back to France. The following year, Lhote recruited a new team. These were not professional painters: André Vila had been a dental mechanic, Jean Lesage a bookseller, Michel Brezillon the manager of a zipper factory. In the Tassili, they became careful, skillful copyists of the great primitives. Thanks to Lhote's leadership and their own enthusiasm, they all stuck it out until summer, when they brought their 16,000 square feet of painting back to Paris.

After weeks of work in the studio, perfecting details, they showed the prehistoric treasures from the Tassili at the Louvre's Museum of Decorative Arts. An admiring, awe-struck public was amazed to see how many thousands of years ago "modern" art was born.

While it will take time and patient detective work by ethnologists and archaeologists to interpret fully the story told by the Tassili paintings, on one point the evidence of the sandstone caves is overwhelming: the Sahara was formerly a region where men and beasts flourished in great numbers. The climate of what is now the desert had cyclic ups and downs, when long moist periods alternated with dry ones. The drawings of hippopotamuses show that, about seven thousand years ago, through the Tassili there flowed rivers deep enough for them to wallow in. In that era the Saharan landscape was like the savannahs, the grassy plains dotted with scattered trees, which today stretch across Africa a thousand miles farther south.

The oldest pictures on the cave walls show little violet-

ochre people with huge childishly drawn round heads and sticklike arms and legs. They were probably of a Negroid race; they wore loincloths; they used lances or bows and arrows to hunt the rhinoceros, giraffe, and elephant. Often they wore headgear with the ears or horns of the animals they were stalking, perhaps to deceive their prey, more likely as sympathetic magic.

Among the roundheads were tribes whose artists—perhaps they were priests—covered cave surfaces with enormous half-human, nightmare figures done in white. One of them, possibly representing a god, is 16 feet high, with a turtlelike head and misplaced Picasso eyes. In other caves were found pale, floating, ghostly shapes like long, thin human asparagus.

As the centuries rolled by, paintings by the roundheaded hunters became more lifelike. The matchstick legs began to bulge with muscles. On the bodies appeared rings, anklets, belts in a decorative pattern which is used even today by some of the peoples of the upper Nile. One striking male figure wears a horned "initiation mask" of a sort still worn by natives of the Ivory Coast.

For this period the walls of the caves are crowded with appealing pictures showing what village and family life was like in the Sahara six to eight thousand years ago. Here are scenes of a wedding, a banquet, a circumcision, the butchering of an antelope, an eager crowd watching a dowser's search for water. Here are people pounding grain into flour, women roofing a hut, several small children asleep in bed together under the same spotted blanket, a man trying to shake another out of a drunken stupor (the shallow saucer for the drink is clearly visible). And here—as it has been ever since the first dingo followed a strange two-footed creature into

his cave—are some people getting up to see what the dog is barking at.

Eventually, somewhere between 4000 and 5000 B.C., the Negroid roundheads were replaced, or perhaps conquered, by waves of white or copper-colored people from the east. Sometimes with boomerangs, oftener with bows and arrows, the newcomers hunted antelope, mountain sheep, giraffes. They had smooth-haired dogs with slender, up-spiraling tails, like the *sloughi* dogs which guard Tuareg encampments now.

They were stockmen, too, who drove before them great herds of piebald or multicolored cattle, of breeds common in Africa today. Some of the cattle had horns swept out in a wide, shallow crescent; others had more stylish horns in the double curve of a lyre.

The artists of the epoch of the herdsmen fully appreciated the lyre-horned cattle, the pleading, candy-pull neckline of the giraffes, the desperate silhouette of fleeing antelope. In this age, the art of the Tassili reached its highest point. In the dark before civilization's dawn, there existed men, supposedly savage men, with an innate sense of human and animal form, a rare gift for catching the essence of swift motion, a genius for composition and design.

The next chapter in the mysterious book of the Sahara is revealed by pictures of war chariots, horse-drawn at a flying gallop. How did such chariots get as far inland as the Tassili? Presumably the Sahara was still green enough to provide water and grass for horses. But what about the chariots, and the warriors with round shields, lances, and bell-shaped tunics? A good guess, supported by early Egyptian records, is that a warlike race, the "People of the Sea," attempted to invade Egypt from the island of Crete. Beaten off, they set-

tled among their allies the Libyans, and in time drove their chariots as far as the Tassili, where native artists painted their images on the walls of the caves.

As the watercourses dried up, the population dwindled, and the paintings became fewer. For some centuries horses continued to be pictured on the walls—horses mounted by men who guided them with sticks instead of bridle and bit. Then, as the remaining grasses perished from the burning earth, the camel replaced the horse on the Tassili walls. For the camel is a comparative newcomer to the western Sahara. With its coming, prehistory merged into history, into the age of the Greek and Roman chroniclers, of written facts and recorded legend.

The riddles set by the Tassili paintings will keep scientists busy for a generation. Are there links, for instance, between the Tassili painters and those who left their prehistoric animals on the walls of the French and Spanish caves at Les Eyzies, Lascaux, Altamira? Henri Lhote believes that while the Cro-Magnon men predominated in all the lands of the Western Mediterranean, there was no direct cultural bridge between the Tassili's people and the Cro-Magnon of the French and Iberian caves. And what is the explanation, a thousand miles from the sea, of the picture of boats of peculiarly Egyptian form? An indication, Lhote answers, though not a proof, that the civilization of the herdsmen came from the upper reaches of the Nile.

Less than a quarter of the paintings copied by Lhote's artists have been exhibited. Furthermore, he is convinced that in the Tassili there is enough uncopied art, rock engravings as well as paintings, to warrant several more attempts, by other equally patient and devoted men, to reveal fully one of humanity's most mysterious adventures upon earth.

Man Overboard



ON MONDAY, the day after Christmas, 1955, there came a telegram for Mrs. Lilly Nicolaysen, who lived alone in a little house at Høybraaten, just outside of Oslo. Two of her children were married; the youngest, Arne, like so many other Norwegian boys, had gone to sea when he was sixteen. Of the last ten Christmases, he had spent seven far from home.

The telegram was from the captain of the Høegh Line's motorship *Silverspray*, and it read:

SEAMAN ARNE NICOLAYSEN OVERBOARD CHRISTMAS EVE OFF
FLORIDA COAST ON THE VOYAGE FROM NEW ORLEANS TO PHILA-
DELPHIA . . .

Every word fell like a sledge hammer upon Mrs. Nicolaysen's heart.

. . . ALL SHIPS ALERTED BUT FURTHER SEARCH HOPELESS AS DO
NOT KNOW WHEN ACCIDENT OCCURRED.

Her family tried to comfort her and one another. Her six-year-old grandson said, "Arne's not lost—in a few weeks we'll see him standing in the doorway." Her daughter kept insisting, "He's such a good swimmer, and he's never been afraid of the water. Of course they've picked him up by now!" But all of them felt shadowed by the wings of death.

When the message was sent, Arne Nicolaysen was still in the water, and he was to be there many hours more—in all, twenty-nine hours before he was picked up.

Twenty-nine hours alone in the ocean, without a life belt, without water, watch, or compass; without so much as an orange crate to cling to or an orange rind to suck; twenty-nine hours of swimming, floating, dog-paddling, resting, struggling, hoping, despairing, praying, sleeping a bit—until his mouth filled with salt water; twenty-nine hours of seeing ships go by out of sound, out of reach—almost as many ships as there were hours.

When I met him a few weeks later, I found his survival a bit easier to understand, but only a bit. Arne Nicolaysen is a powerfully built young fellow, of less than average height, but with much more than average barrel to the chest and muscle on the arms. He has the self-sufficient, quiet poise of a man twice his age. Thick, wavy red hair pours over his head in a sort of groundswell; his face crinkles with sudden laughter; his sharp, up-tipped nose cleaves the air like the prow of a ship. There's a rake to his hat, and a set to his jaw, and a light in his eye, that say, "I love life and intend to live it."

He is also an example of the career sailor of today—a sailor who banks his pay, doesn't smoke, holds his liquor, and watches his step. "I'm careful always," Arne says, in his colloquial, self-taught English. "I think before I'm speaking, I look both sides of the street before I cross." Aboard the *Sil-*

verspray, he often had to scold the seventeen-year-old deck boy, Vidar Ostgaard, for sitting so nonchalantly on the rail. Several recent mishaps stuck in his mind like red warning flags: the Norwegian lost overboard in the Red Sea; the ship-mate Arne himself had saved from a treacherous current while swimming in the harbor of Bombay.

So Arne Nicolaysen will never understand how he, of all people, went overboard that Christmas Eve.

The weather was warm, the sea calm, and the *Silverspray* somewhere between Florida and Cuba, when a long, rather sedate Christmas party began. There were red and white balloons, a tree "with snow and glitter," old Norwegian Christmas songs, parcels for all hands given out by the captain.

And plenty to eat. "I had the second biggest appetite on the ship," confesses Arne with a grin, "and I had a little bit of extra weight. It's good in case of war."

But there wasn't much drinking. "Not with the officers present," explained Arne. Toward eleven or half-past, when he went down to his cabin, he was quite sober. He kicked off his shoes and lay back on his bunk thinking of the snow around his mother's house, of her and the rest of the family, "trying to figure out the picture of what they're doing." He was pensive, relaxed, a little sad. . . .

"The next thing I knew," says Arne, "I was in the water." It's another dream, he thought, and I must wake up—so he lunged out with both fists against the bulkhead, as he had often done before to break the spell of a nightmare.

But instead of wood, his fists smacked into water. Like the fingers of a drowning man, his own emotions seized him by the throat. He was shocked, angry, incredulous, outraged, panicky, all at the same time. Desperately he swam toward nowhere in particular, thrashing the waves in confused fury

at this stupid trick that he had played upon himself, calling again and again upon the blank night: "Help! Help! Man overboard. . . . Help!"

Suddenly, something flashed into his mind: a magazine article in *Det Beste* about a boy who had fallen overboard. Arne had also read it in English in *The Reader's Digest*. The boy couldn't swim, but he had kept afloat and alive by remembering what his captain had said during boat drill: "If you ever get in a tight spot, keep your head, and *think!*"

"When that article came to my mind," says Arne, "I stopped yelling and banging the water; I slowed down and looked around." That was it; think, keep cool, take stock, plan.

The water was not too cold for a man with some fat under his hide. But he would have to keep in motion. The night was black, and only an occasional star blinked between cloud and cloud. If he started to swim steadily—toward what?—he might exhaust himself going in circles. He had no idea from which quarter of the darkness to expect the *Silverspray* if she should turn back to search for him.

But had he yet been missed? As on so many Norwegian ships nowadays, he shared a cabin with only one other seaman. The messboy would not rap on their door until seven, perhaps even later because of the holiday. As it turned out, he was not missed. Progress and social welfare were against him. In an old-fashioned crowded forecastle, his empty bunk would soon have been remarked.

It was now probably close to midnight. Seven or eight hours times the ship's seventeen knots . . . the mental arithmetic was easy, and appalling. There was only one sensible thing to do: keep afloat until it was light enough for some

other ship to see him—a tiny redheaded speck in a blue immensity of ocean.

There was a long, gentle swell, and on one score Arne was not worried anyway: the hard work on board had put him in excellent shape; he was a strong, natural swimmer; the water had never frightened him. As a kid he had loved to jump into it from high up, before he could swim a stroke. On board ship he would dive off the highest place he could find, with his hands “clasped together in one fist” to break the fall. Although he had learned a good breast stroke, he also liked to go through the water on all fours, like a dog.

Whatever he did until dawn would be easier without those neat gabardine slacks he had put on for the party. He was about to peel them off when a thought sent an icy finger down his spine—sharks! These waters must be full of sharks. The year before, coming up the Caribbean from Venezuela, he had fished for sharks off a tanker and teased a shark with a broomstick. The shark’s V-trap jaws had snapped it off as if it were a banana.

Arne kept his trousers on. For sharks, though terrifying, are also surprisingly timid. Even a small noise, like the flip-flop of trouser cuffs, might frighten them away.

His socks would help too. Arne carefully pulled them half off, and all through his ordeal—the rest of that night, and Christmas Day, and the next night—he kept them dangling, flapping down beyond his toes like the arms of some limp underwater scarecrow.

A bitter dilemma was to haunt and torture him until the end: whether to keep in constant motion and use up his strength, or float and attract sharks. He’d have to compromise, to keep thinking, like the boy in the magazine article—

the boy who was so much worse off, the boy who couldn't even swim.

Arne had plenty of time to think in those first dark hours. "How could I fall overboard and not feel it?" he kept asking himself. He'd never been a sleepwalker: how could he have dreamed his way up and out on deck and over the rail? The cabin's porthole? No, he had tried it once, when the ship was docked. One of his shipmates had squeezed through, but his own shoulders were too bulky.

Long after midnight, he saw a ship coming down toward him. Judging from all he could see of her in the dark, which was the constellation of her lights—red and green on each wing of the bridge, white lights on the masts—she was a tanker. But either she changed her course, or he had misjudged it, for she missed him by hundreds of yards. "It looked," says Arne, "like when she sees me she turns away."

The semitropical sun rose swiftly. It cheered and warmed him and in a little while showed him an ore ship's silhouette. Calculating as best he could her speed, distance, and direction, Arne began to swim obstinately on a "collision course"—that is, toward a distant invisible point, well ahead of the ore ship, where her fifteen knots an hour and his one or less might conceivably meet. A long time and a lot of precious energy later, he realized that the angle he had drawn in his mind would never close.

But at any rate he was in the shipping lane. In the next few hours four or five ships went by. Some seemed so near that Arne shouted, whistled, took off his T-shirt and waved it, a sodden, futile flag.

He lost count of the ships he saw that day—between fifteen and twenty, he thinks—all blind to him, deaf, unreachable. But there was one he will never forget. From her silhouette

and the three red rings on her stack, he recognized her at once as a "sugar ship," plying between Havana and New York. By swimming hard he came close enough to hear the fathom-deep throb of her propellers and to hope that someone would hear his shouts or see his waving shirt. But she too passed him by.

Arne—it explains why he is alive today—is the kind of fellow who gets angry when more mortal mortals feel only despair or fear. He shook his fist at the sugar ship's stern and bawled out, for all the waves to hear, "If I'm saved I'll report you to the company for not keeping a proper lookout!"

Not a single ship, that holiday, left any rubbish in its wake, for of course the deckhands were not working. Arne would have welcomed a friendly piece of unsinkable trash or a bit of half-eaten fruit.

He was weaker, more and more uncomfortable. The sun was slowly burning him; he was "stiff on the face" with salt. He had to keep massaging his legs. "If I get cramps," he said to himself, "it is all finished." When a jellyfish stung him he would raise his arms and spit on them—scratching only made it worse.

His tongue was swollen, and his mind was haunted by thoughts and images of something to drink. "Buckets of nice cold water. A bottle of beer with ice drops down the side."

The heat made him drowsy. More than once he woke up with his mouth full of salt water. Only the thought of sharks, the recollection of that broomstick, prevented him from sliding oftener away into sleep. He needed rest, but he never floated quite motionless. "Always I kept my feet going, and my toes."

From time to time, when he thought he felt sharks nearby, he would "bang on the water" with his fists, or duck his head

and yell wetly into the deep—he had read somewhere that sharks don't like to be shouted at.

The sun seemed to hang forever at the top of the cloudless sky. As ship after ship pricked his horizon with hope, only to become a pair of masts, then a smudge, then a heartache, it seemed to Arne Nicolaysen that this must be the longest and loneliest Christmas Day that ever a sailor had endured.

"I thought about everything that day," he says now. "About my mother, my schoolmates. I saw pieces of my life. I jumped back and forth. I think I saw my whole life twice."

Earlier that December, he had celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday. Now, as he dog-paddled in waves that were getting darker, colder, higher, he thought, "Is twenty-five all I'm ever going to be? Was that my last birthday?"

He had a notion that he'd feel better if only he could touch bottom. Several times he held his breath and shoved himself down, down, feet first. Yet he knew that he couldn't have stayed there if he had found it.

When the sun had gone, says Arne, "I began to get mad and sad and I tried to drown myself." Several times he ducked under and took in a great gulp of sea water. But "there was a banging in my ears, and it all came up again." He found out how hard it was to vomit while swimming.

Late Christmas night—he thinks—by then time had lost its shape, and his mind had slipped its leash—he saw his mother's face before him. Then his sister's, quite clearly. And though he said to himself, "You're starting to get crazy," he talked to her and asked her whether the water all around him was fresh or salt. "Sure, you can drink it," she said; "you're in the lake." So he drank, and for a few moments he was so nearly out of his head that he thought the water fresh.

He saw two of his shipmates, "just like they were walking

on the water." One of them was the deck boy. "Why don't you help me?" Arne asked. "Where is land?" "Swim toward the moonlight," they answered, "and you'll reach land."

Arne began to splash his way down the silver track of the moon. It gave him an immaterial, shining rope to cling to. It also set him a course which probably, by sheer accident, saved his life at last.

For suddenly he was jarred to alertness by the lights and outline of a ship coming straight at him. This was no vision, for he could hear the iron thumping of the engines. He swam quickly aside, and as the ship slid by, shouted, or screamed, again and again, "Help! Man overboard!"

Then he heard the "krrrrring" of the telegraph on the bridge, and a sound that lifted his heart right out of the water: the "chu-chu-shsss" of engines slowing to a full stop.

There were shouts on deck, and a lifebuoy came sailing through the air toward him. It lit up when it hit the water. Arne swam over to it, and, he says, "I put my hands in it and lie out. Then I held up the light like this so they'd see my face."

The ship which now lowered a boat for Arne was the tanker *British Surveyor*. His rescue was sheer luck, for the *British Surveyor* had not received the *Silverspray's* warning. Her lookout had cried to the mate that a ghost was following the ship. The mate had heeded him, and heard Arne's shouts for help.

"When they got me up on deck," says Arne, "they asked me who I was and how long I had been in the water. 'Since Christmas Eve—Saturday night,' I told them. The captain and the mate looked at each other—they thought I was out of my mind. 'But this is *Monday!*' they said, 'a quarter past four of *Monday* morning!'"

Twenty-nine hours in the water. . . . When they fished him out, Arne's hands were white, puffy and wrinkled, his arms hurt him horribly; his face was black; he was trembling with cold; but he could stand, and talk enough to ask the captain for a bucket of water. The captain sensibly gave him only a thimbleful, put him to bed, and sent a message to his mother.

Two weeks later Arne Nicolaysen was home, and almost recovered. His mother baked a cake; the Norwegian flag was hung out in his street; the neighbors came in to celebrate and presented him with a silver cup.

When I saw him a month later in Oslo, Arne was a bit bored with photographers and newspapermen, with all the letters from girls he'd never seen, with being famous simply for being still alive. He was restless, and eager to get another ship (the *Silverspray* by then was nearing some port in India), to continue his life of scrubbing decks, cleaning tanks, chip-ping paint, seeing strange harbors in hot countries.

"But next time I fall overboard," he said with a smile, "I will have in my pocket a small mirror to catch the sun and flash at all the ships that go by."

Hyde Park: The Lungs of London



THE SCENE WAS LONDON, at the Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park. From a dozen platforms, as many orators were Viewing with Alarm, Reuniting Ireland, Saving Sinners, or Demanding that the Government Resign. Here and there in the throng could be seen the dark blue uniforms of the Law.

An American tourist, attracted by the menacing gestures of one of the speakers, pulled his car over to the curb to listen. "As for the police," the speaker was saying, "the brutal and corrupt Metropolitan Police—"

At that moment a bobby, majestic in his round-domed helmet, strode up. Aha, thought the American, the soapboxer's gone just a bit too far. But the constable kept right on through the crowd past the orator, and stopped beside the American. "Would you mind turning off your engine, sir," he said, saluting, "so that people can hear the speaker?"

"The brutal and corrupt police . . ." In most countries,

even on the sunny side of the Iron Curtain, anyone who begins a speech like that is fairly sure to finish it in the Black Maria. But in Hyde Park such words cause no more ripple than any of the other rocks thrown at authority or orthodoxy. Because the Speakers' Corner is a sanctuary for free speech, a safety valve for the steam of protest. It is also a ring where many a political or religious speaker has acquired mental agility by sparring with seasoned hecklers. Above all, it's one of the great traditions of England, an institution unique in the world, and an endlessly fascinating show.

The "lungs of London," as Lord Chatham, the elder Pitt, called it, is a few hundred square yards of crescent-shaped, tree-shaded pavement squeezed between the ceaseless traffic at the Marble Arch and the silences of Hyde Park's 361 green acres. Here, on almost any Saturday or Sunday afternoon, you will find two or three thousand people gathered in tight little knots around speakers dispensing free of charge 57 varieties of hope or doom, faith or skepticism, common sense or lunacy, fashionable fallacy or unpopular truth—everything in human ideology from the jam of Utopia to the sour pickles of political dissent.

Side by side are the Mormons and the Secularists, the Socialists and the Anti-Feminists, the Salvation Army and the man who wants to tell the world "How the War Office Robs Poor Inventors." Here a bearded sage propounds some Oriental philosophy as smoothly, roundly full of emptiness as a pink balloon. Here, in the heart of Britain, is a meeting of those who want to free Northern Ireland from British rule. Here a succession of colored speakers agitates for the liberation of Africa from the White Man.

And here Mr. Ogilvie (non-Christian-named "Robert Ingersoll" after the famous American agnostic) liberates him-

self from civilization almost daily with a flood of such phrases as: "Being British is a stumbling block to being human"; "There is no future for the conditioned subhumans we are now"; "If there's to be one planet and one society, Woman must free herself from Man, for she alone can provide the future."

Perched up on a stool is a gently bleating young man who believes that birds should not be imprisoned and talks of "the freedom of action to which a bird is entitled." "Even the biggest cage in the zoo," he says, "is too small for a bird." Bony, slightly beaked, he looks rather like a bird himself. An invisibly caged bird, captive to an idea.

Most of those at the Irish meeting are sitting on the grass, as if planning to spend the afternoon. A few gaze up at the fiery speaker from the pacific ease of folding chairs. It's too hot for anything but words. "Ireland is one country. The senseless, artificial border must be erased. . . ." At the edge of the crowd, inscrutable, arms folded, stands a police officer of high rank. Across the water IRA gunmen have been murdering his colleagues. But the Irish speaker here is saying, "I have nothing against the British Police. They are only doing what they believe to be their duty."

Majestically above the crowd on his stepladder platform, a Jamaica Negro draws salvos of applause from a huge, delighted and almost entirely white audience. A voice shouts up at him, "Do you still say that the colored man has more brains than the white man?" "Yes," replies the Negro, "I do believe it, and I'll prove it: look where I am, and look where you are!" Roars.

At one end of this alley of a million words, in the shade of a huge plane tree, the London Anarchist Group tries to persuade an attentive audience that governments would make

fewer mistakes if they didn't exist at all. Unlike the Anarchists of tradition, these Anarchists aren't fond of bombs, whether A- or H-, "clean" or dirty. "The 'clean' H-bomb," they say, "only makes wars more probable." Their meetings, especially when Miss Rita Milton, an attractive Scottish lass, is on the platform, are among the most orderly, the most sweetly reasonable, of any in Hyde Park. "This isn't a Tory meeting," says Miss Milton with her musical burr. "This is an Anarrrchist meeting and we'rre all verrry courrrrteous."

Much less sedate is the other end of Speakers' Corner where tireless clerics, some in flowing robes, others with "dog collars," proclaim the evidences of their faith. The congregation talks back, for they are no longer in church, and the air crackles with questions. A heckler with broad Midlands speech and the build of a miner starts a furious discussion by inquiring, "Why did God put coal in such inconvenient places?" Another heckler goads the speaker into asking him, "Are you a Christian?" "No." "Then what are you?" "A disciple of Jesus." A third, trying to confute the speaker on a doctrinal point, pulls a Bible from his hip pocket as if it were a concealed weapon.

Miss Betty Humphries, an incurable heckler known as the "Terror of Speakers' Corner," rages from one religious meeting to another with such questions as: "If a pregnant woman was going to a hospital in a bus, would God change the traffic lights from red to green?"

In Hyde Park, speech is free for audiences as well as speaker, and heckling has become one of the lively arts. You pause to watch a speaker waving a didactic finger at a large crowd. Half an hour later the crowd is even larger, but the speaker is silent, because several of his hecklers have turned against one another and stolen the show.

The verbal fur is flying. "The Irish are always fighting among themselves!" cries a voice. "What's the matter with a good fight anny-why?" retorts another. The crowd howls with laughter.

As faces get redder and closer together, logic takes wing and people even forget where the argument began. Debate becomes more personal. "Appalling," says one man, glaring at another, "the scum who come to this park only to scoff and jeer." With a wide gesture his opponent appeals to the crowd: "Look at this gentleman—how is it possible to love such an object?"

Something in the tradition, the unwritten ground rules of Hyde Park, keeps such exchanges from degenerating into violence. Black looks never lead to black eyes. You will witness more mayhem in several of the legislative chambers of Continental Europe than you will here.

The swirling, good-natured crowds are endlessly varied. Businessmen in Burberrys and bowlers, carrying attaché cases and sucking briar pipes. Cockneys in caps and rumpled mufflers. Paddington housewives with bulging stringbags ("Oi'm not afride of Utaowpia," I heard one of them say, "Oi love it"). Sikhs in turbans, their wives in trailing saris. American college girls with white socks, loafers, eager horn-rimmed eyes, and cameras. The minor officials of small distant countries. An Anglican bishop, in gaiters. Three school-boys eating apples. A pink-and-white nursemaid pushing a pram. An American Navy chaplain in uniform. An old man with a frayed collar making notes on the back of an envelope.

Here come people for whom open-air debate is a refreshing spectator-sport, and people hoping for a chance to exercise their own lungs and exhibit their own wit. People window-shopping for ideas—any style, all sizes—with no in-

tention of buying anything; and people searching, searching for the Unquestionable Answer, the Ultimate Truth.

Famous characters are often spotted among Hyde Park audiences. During the war, when many American headquarters were on nearby Grosvenor Square, officers—Ike among them—would often stroll over from “Eisenhower Platz” to gauge British opinion at the asphalt roots. More recently, speakers have noticed among their listeners the United States ambassador, the Secretary of State, groups of American senators.

GI’s from American bases in England are regular and interested visitors. One group of them was listening to a left-wing speaker inveigh against the “occupation forces.” “Americans, go home!” he shouted. “Okay with us,” yelled back the GI’s. “When does the next plane leave?”

Hyde Park is haunted by writers looking for ideas and racy, natural speech. Many an actor and actress—Danny Kaye and Beatrice Lillie among them—has gone there to study the soapboxers’ delivery and skill at holding an audience. George Bernard Shaw is supposed to have been a frequent ringside spectator. One day, so the story goes, he heard a speaker commenting on his own play *Pygmalion*. “The man who wrote that,” interrupted Shaw, “was a fool.”

Perhaps the best of the no-holds-barred preacher-debaters who flourish in Hyde Park is the Reverend Dr. Donald Soper, a Methodist (he’s also a pacifist, a teetotaler, and a vegetarian), who can be found at Speakers’ Corner almost every weekend, in any kind of weather. With his fine Roman senator’s head, his thunderous, slashing good humor, his ringing sincerity, he draws huge crowds, as well as some of Hyde Park’s most obstinate hecklers.

“In Hyde Park,” Dr. Soper told me when I talked to him

in his office, "politeness doesn't matter. Only the audience's attention. So I encourage ferocious argument." You'll hear plenty of that round his platform. "Our friend here," booms Dr. Soper, pointing to someone down in the audience, "says that the Salvation Army is lousy and rotten. Has he any particulars? What? They make a profit on their canteens? Now here is a specific attack, a deliberate and wicked lie, and I'll deal with it. All right, my friend, what *are* the prices charged at Salvation Army canteens? You don't know? *Then keep quiet!*"

From his fifteen years' experience in Hyde Park Dr. Soper knows that in order to survive there one must have "physical resilience, the ability to reduce a question to a known category, the knack of putting the abstract into concrete terms, rapidity rather than profundity of wit."

The unexpected is always happening at Speakers' Corner. A heckler once provoked Dr. Soper into saying, "You're mad!" "No, I'm not," replied the heckler quietly. "Prove it!" snapped Dr. Soper. Whereupon the heckler stepped up and produced a recent certificate of discharge from a lunatic asylum.

Like all other Hyde Park speakers, Dr. Soper is kept on his toes by the possibility that there is someone in the audience who knows more than he does. Once, when he was talking about the Monroe Doctrine, a man in the crowd questioned him so closely that Dr. Soper asked him who he was. "I am a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States," the stranger replied.

"Here in Hyde Park," says Dr. Soper, "where there's no stained glass, no decorous hush, where the audience is not chastened or predisposed, real Christianity can flourish. In this sanctuary of argument people ask questions—catch ques-

tions or honest questions—which they would never ask anywhere else, least of all in church. In church, it seems to me, we clergymen are always answering questions no one has asked.”

Hyde Park was not always as law-abiding as it is today. During the reigns of the first two Georges, when it was on the wilder fringe of a much smaller London, duels were often fought in its leafy solitudes. Even in daylight, robberies were so common that people dared not venture into the Park alone but gathered together at the sound of a bell to cross it in convoys.

The Londoner's right to speak his own mind peaceably in “his own Park” was won—as has so often happened in history—only at the price of violence and disorder. In 1866 members of the Reform League tried to hold a meeting there. When the police closed the gates in their faces they docilely went away to do their speaking in Trafalgar Square. But the angry crowd that stayed behind tore up several hundred yards of iron railing and swarmed into the Park. The rioting, during which many of the police were hurt, lasted for two days.

Eventually the authorities gave in and posted, near the “Reformers’ Tree” west of Grosvenor Gate, a notice which permitted “public addresses” within forty yards. In time, these forty yards were stretched until they covered several acres. And the freedom of topic was stretched, too. Today, except for solicitation of funds and personal criticism of members of the royal family, no subject is barred. And no speaker is suppressed unless his language is indecent or seems likely to “blemish the peace.” It is now decades since anyone has seriously blemished the seething, garrulous, argumentative peace of Speakers’ Corner.

In a day when mere mention of the word “controversial”

so often turns honest men and women into clams, it's cheering to find a place where one can hear controversy, from dawn to dark, by the ton, by the hogshead, on practically any subject in the world.

Germany's Chocolate Judge



SOON AFTER sixteen-year-old Hans Mueller had been caught by the police of Darmstadt, in West Germany, trying his slingshot on the city's street lamps, he was arraigned in the juvenile court presided over by Judge Karl Holzschuh.

Everything seemed to foreshadow a stiff sentence—the courtroom with its pitilessly geometrical furniture, the severe figures of the clerk and the public prosecutor, the judge in his black robe.

“Hans,” said the judge sternly, “I find you guilty of the willful destruction of public property.”

As he stood listening, Hans, though apparently a rather grown-up young man, showed his true age by trying to curl one foot round the other like an embarrassed child.

“Hans,” the judge went on, “because of your otherwise good character, sentence is suspended. However, yours was a serious offense, and you must atone for it in a way which

will teach you never to do anything of the sort again. I direct you to learn respect for street lamps by helping the city's maintenance men clean them—hundreds of them—in your spare time, for the next three months.

“That man over there is a representative of the Youth Authority. I place you under his supervision for two years. He will see to it that you faithfully perform your task. If you don't, I shall have to have you locked up.”

This was typical of the tasks which Judge Holzschuh has set most of the thousands of boys and girls who have appeared before him. Such sentences, or rather “directives,” have made him famous in other countries besides Germany as one of the most imaginative and realistic judges ever to try a new approach to the old, old problem of juvenile delinquency.

His many years as a juvenile-court judge have convinced Karl Holzschuh that a positive task is ten times more effective than a negative punishment. “Don't rap erring young knuckles with a ruler,” he says, “but put them to work repairing the harm done. And whenever possible, let the reparation fit the crime.”

So he orders a boy who stole milk from doorways to go wash bottles in a dairy, and one who pilfered some carpenter's tools to work, without pay, on a housing project for refugees. A girl who burned down a house by carelessly forgetting to unplug the electric iron is told to do a “stretch” in the ironing room of the city hospital.

Another good example of Judge Holzschuh's methods was the case of Willy. On his way to work, Willy rode so many times past a schoolyard full of bicycles that finally he couldn't resist trying to swap his rusty old wheel for a gleaming new Wanderer.

Most other judges would have given Willy a short term behind bars, or a heavy fine, or a suspended sentence with probation. But Judge Holzschuh, with more insight, ordered Willy to put five marks a week into a savings account until there was money enough to buy a new Wanderer for a children's home. A year later, Willy proudly attended the presentation ceremony. He went right on saving, and eventually bought a Wanderer for himself.

The great bulk of youthful lawbreaking is petty, or borderline. When at last the Darmstadt police caught Ernst and Jakob taking cigarettes from yet another unlocked American car, the boys were indignant. "If we'd been real thieves," they protested, "we'd have taken the cameras, too."

Judge Holzschuh did not agree either with them or with the officials who thought that the right medicine for Ernst and Jakob would be a week-end or two behind bars. "Anyone as interested in cars as you boys seem to be," he said, "is going to have a chance to see more of them." And he ordered them to spend their free afternoons at the Police Department's garage washing as many cars as they had rifled—which was ninety.

The Judge is now in his early fifties, a short man with a bold, aquiline nose, a high, bald forehead, and longish brown hair cascading down the back of his head. Around his eyes years of laughter and labor have written a pattern of deep little lines. He moves quickly through the courthouse halls, his black robes streaming behind him. His handshake is almost destructively friendly. When one asks him something, the answers tumble forth in a jackpot of words.

But in court, during a long, tangled case, he can sit listening to lawyers, witnesses, and prosecutor, as silently watchful

as some hunter in a duckblind, waiting, waiting for the truth to come flapping awkwardly by.

Judge Holzschuh deals with trivial cases informally in his office, a square box of a room furnished mainly by the sun. Here come, one after another, anxious, voluble parents, penitent or sulky children. The pattern repeats itself monotonously: truancy, petty pilfering, traffic violation, window breaking; truancy, pilfering, traffic. . . . Here Karl Holzschuh is more of a counselor or family friend than a judge. Here he shows his rare capacity for listening to the unspoken word, for reading between the lines of a puzzled young forehead. At his elbow is a blank book in which he has recorded the names of Darmstadters who need help—sick people and old people living alone, crippled pensioners, large families, poor families. Another list he carries in his head: all of the city's institutions where week-end volunteer workers are welcome.

Almost every youngster who faces him is set a task. "So your father is a peddler? Then borrow his pushcart and take a load of coal, every week, to this old couple." "You felt you had to practice your high-jumping on a rope strung across the street? And a cyclist ran into it? I'm afraid you must provide the Children's Home with skipping rope for three months." "A Red Cross first-aid course will help you remember how dangerous it is to ride a motorcycle without lights."

Whenever he feels that it will "stick," Judge Holzschuh sentences the young traffic violator to join a hiking club. "For many of the children brought up in a big city," he says sadly, "speed and gasoline seem to become what alcohol or drugs are for some adults—an addiction."

He would like to get more of these children back to the land, the healing power of which he knows so well. Karl Holzschuh was one of four children born to a farm family in

the countryside of Hessen. His mother, wise in the ancient art of herb healing, would treat her neighbors' miseries with the juice of cherry stems or dandelions, with strange infusions brewed from small, shy, secret plants. Every Sunday she and the children would roam the hills and bring back sackfuls of beneficent herbs. Judge Holzschuh believes that natural means, like those herbs he used to help his mother pick, are the best remedy for most human ailments. He keeps asking, "How can we expect something as totally unnatural and abnormal as jails to make wayward children normal again?"

His first important official post was at the juvenile prison of Rockenburg, near Frankfurt, an institution modeled on the plan of the reformatory at Elmira, New York, for boys who had done something serious enough to warrant an indeterminate sentence of at least six months. Here his work was weighing and classifying each case, and making the final decision as to whether a boy could safely be paroled.

Rockenburg gave him a great deal to think about. Was not "punishment" often mere retribution—society hitting back blindly at those who had done it harm? Is it not usually a hideous mistake to clap first offenders in jail with repeaters and hardened, professional young criminals? Didn't such methods create more criminals than they reformed?

After Rockenburg, Karl Holzschuh was made a district judge and spent several years in a circuit of small towns. Whenever he had to send young people to be locked up he was haunted by what he had seen in Rockenburg. Now and then, of course, there were boys who were incurably twisted and had to be put behind bars for the protection of society. But he became more and more dissatisfied with the alternatives given him by the law for handling the great majority—

the careless, the heedless, the hot-headed, the amiably weak, the morally limp.

"Fines?" he says, "it's the parents who pay them. A stiff scolding? In one ear and out the other. Probation? A great advance, but it remains negative. The young offender is told to be home every night at eleven, to keep *out* of trouble, to *avoid* certain places and companions. All of these are prohibitions, restraints; they don't build character positively."

About eight years ago, not long after he was promoted to the bench in Darmstadt, there came to see the judge a mother whose grievance, though he did not realize it at the time, was the turning point in his career.

"My Maria," Frau Korb had said, her voice shaking with indignation, "was weak, thoughtless, and very, very naughty, but not bad. Yet she was put into a cell with girls who really were bad. In three days and nights my little Maria heard words and learned things I never knew existed.

"What's even worse, now that they're free again she goes on seeing these girls, secretly. They've all been in the lockup together, so they're comrades. Judge Holzschuh, there must be a better way."

His conscience singed by her words, Judge Holzschuh began to look for a better way of treating young offenders whose first misstep would be their last if only they could be given a "do" instead of a "don't."

A few months later, thanks to a neat, obliging, hard-working, sixteen-year-old housemaid, Judge Holzschuh found that better way.

Lena's employers, the Schmidts, trusted her completely and admired the regularity with which she sent her wages home, keeping only five marks a week pocket money. They were stunned when one day Lena, at the first perfunctory

questions of a detective who was making a routine check on a reported theft, sobbingly confessed that she had stolen the missing money from the overcoat of one of the Schmidts' guests during a party. Though they could not understand, the Schmidts were willing to forgive. But it had become a police matter, so events had to take their official course.

As Judge Holzschuh leafed through Lena's file, Frau Korb's angry voice rang in his ears. *There must be a better way!*

It soon appeared that Lena, like so many German children starved for them during the war, had a craving for sweets. All her pocket money was spent on chocolate. The craving was stronger than her innate honesty, stronger than she was herself.

As she stood weeping before him, it was clear to Judge Holzschuh that none of the routine punishments would satisfy what was now an even stronger craving—a deep need for expiation.

Expiation, atonement, the purging of guilt by deeds, the reparation of wrong in kind . . . here indeed was something natural. The longing to atone was almost one of the basic instincts, like love, hunger, fear; it was the emotional well-spring for more than one religion.

In a flash of insight, the Judge saw what the sentence ought to be. "Lena," he said, "every Sunday, with your pocket money, you will buy some chocolate and take it to the children in the orphan asylum."

Every Sunday morning for the next three months one could have seen Lena sitting demurely in the streetcar on her way to the orphanage, clutching her small parcel of chocolate. Not once since then has she had anything to do with the police, or judges, or the law.

It was Lena's expiation that earned for Karl Holzschuh the

nickname of the "Chocolate Judge." Which gives a false impression, for the judge is far from sweetly sentimental. On the contrary, the tasks he sets require sacrifice and hard work on the part of the children.

By her own efforts, over many weeks, Lena had wiped clean her moral slate. But she was not left to do this all alone. At the very beginning Judge Holzschuh had appointed a social worker to check on her from time to time, to give advice, to be a friend.

The Judge would like to have treated many other cases as he did Lena's, but the "better way" had to limp along for years. Then, thanks partly to Judge Holzschuh's own campaigning, the Federal Parliament passed a law which some German experts have hailed as "the greatest step forward in youth-court procedure of modern times." This legislation enormously widened the power of German judges to vary sentences, to set definite tasks, and to fit the punishment to the offender. In case after case, Judge Holzschuh has taken advantage of this new law.

Meaning no harm, Paul and Traugott made a campfire in a field. Wind carried the sparks; the fire quickly spread and destroyed a thousand young pine trees belonging to the city. In their panic, Paul and Traugott tried to run away.

What should be done with boys who, though criminally careless, were certainly not "criminals"?

"Boys," said the Judge, "for the two weeks of your next holiday you will spend eight hours every day replanting the trees your carelessness destroyed."

Today, the trees they planted are as tall as Paul, taller than Traugott. And as they pass by, the boys say proudly, "See how straight our trees are growing!"

The Judge always tries to find within the boy himself some

trait, some aptitude, which can be enrolled as an ally in the battle for his reclamation.

In a fit of senseless adolescent vandalism, Horst ripped out some wall fixtures at his trade school. As he was said to be unusually dextrous, Judge Holzschuh directed him to report to the school's janitor every Saturday afternoon for six months.

Horst soon began to take pride in what his clever hands could do, and would say to the janitor, "Well, what particularly interesting work have you for me today?"

Thanks to Horst, in a few months there was nothing in the whole building that did not shut, open, unscrew, turn off, or flush, perfectly. No other school in Darmstadt was in such good repair.

"Like a mountain torrent," says the Judge, "youthful energy can do a great deal of harm without intending evil. The trick is to channel the torrent toward the mill wheel."

"Too many judges," he insists, "sentence children by rote as if they were presiding in traffic court. With a juvenile first offender, one can make a terrible mistake unless one digs for the motives, unravels all the facts, and takes time to find out—this is most important—whether the child itself is aware of having done wrong."

Sophie, too young and too timid to protest, was grossly underpaid and overworked by the butcher who employed her. Whenever Sophie's mother came in to buy meat, Sophie would say to herself, "Here's where I even things up," and slip her a pound or so more than showed on the scales.

"Sophie will repay in full," Judge Holzschuh told the butcher, "but not to you, for you have been violating the labor laws."

After helping Sophie find a better job, the Judge ordered her to buy meat and take it regularly, until the amount equaled what she had stolen, to a sickly boy whose parents couldn't afford the diet he needed.

As the Judge points out, everyone gained: the little boy put on weight, the butcher avoided a heavy fine, Sophie's conscience was cleared by her own efforts, and the taxpayers were saved the large sum a week it costs to keep a delinquent under lock and key.

Karl Holzschuh can tell when a child has lost its way in the borderland between illusion and reality. A less imaginative judge would have said that Rudi was a dangerous hooligan and thrown the book at him.

The police didn't catch Rudi until after he had attacked his fifth victim. Each of them had been walking at dusk in a lonely place; each had suddenly felt a sharp pain in the back, and seen a boy on a bicycle whizz by.

Rudi was a shoemaker's apprentice. His weapon was a cobbler's awl. The public prosecutor asked for several weeks' detention. Useless, Judge Holzschuh felt, no matter what the motive, which remained obscure. So he began to explore the corners of Rudi's short but already much too eventful life.

Rudi's father had been killed in the war. His overworked mother had no time for him and sent him to the movies to get him out of her way. He was a quick, intelligent student, and he had imagination—much too much imagination, to which he fed the raw meat of Westerns, Westerns, Westerns. He saw such films five times a week and stayed to see some of them twice over.

As they talked about this, there was a peculiar gleam in Rudi's eyes, and the judge had the sensation of trying to pull

him up to the real world from some dark well of private fantasy.

Gradually it came out that one of Rudi's greatest heroes was the "Ghost Rider," who, borne on shadowy silent hoofs, would destroy his enemies from behind with a lance.

So Rudi was the Ghost Rider, and his cobbler's awl the avenging lance. . . . The intensity of his film-fed daydreams had erased the boundaries between them and the dull, pale reality of a small German city.

Rudi was placed under strict supervision and enrolled in a club where he would play games, sing, act, hike, go camping with other boys. And he was ordered to see no more of the films which had filled his mind with Indians and bad men.

But, as Judge Holzschuh doesn't believe in mere prohibitions, Rudi was helped to see as many good films as he wanted to. After a few weeks he said, "I never knew how exciting and interesting other films could be."

That was some years ago. Rudi may still go ghost-riding from time to time in the sagebrush solitudes of his own mind, but he has never again been in trouble with the law.

Judge Holzschuh is still learning. But after seeing, helping, sentencing thousands of young people, what began as an experiment has evolved into a system. However, it's a flexible, adaptable system, never frozen into dogma, but based on the mystery and mutability of adolescent human nature.

Though he tries to adapt his system to each individual, rather than the reverse, the basic tenets of his method and his philosophy are firmer than ever:

Harness the desire, shared by all normal children, to make good what they have done wrong.

Let the atonement be active, creative, useful to others.

And let it have as much connection as possible with the offense.

"Most young offenders, certainly first offenders," Judge Holzschuh says, "are genuinely remorseful or become so if properly treated. But their feeling of guilt won't be lightened if they're locked up—they won't feel freer of guilt simply because they have lost their freedom. This precious inner sense of liberation, one of the most potent but least often used instruments for reform, can only be conferred by a definite, positive act of atonement, sometimes stretched out over a long period of time.

"To do a difficult job well, to meet a challenge, always increases a person's self-respect, while being locked up never increased anyone's self-respect. A solid, well-built, self-built self-respect is the surest guarantee that a child—or an adult—will not lapse into crime or misbehavior again."

Judge Holzschuh thinks of himself as a physician—a modern physician who has discovered how much sooner his patients recover their strength if he can keep them out of hospital, for which read jail or reformatory. He treats his young "ambulatory patients" while they are at liberty and leading normal lives in every other respect. He has given one of his celebrated "directives" to about eighty per cent of the young people brought before him, and believes that it is successful about nine times out of ten. When he does not use his favorite method, it is either because the culprit is obviously dangerous, or psychopathic, or lacking in the power of insight, or made of clay too feeble to be molded.

The more I saw of this remarkable man and his work, the more I listened to him, and to the helpers who put so much of what he decides into effect, the more it seemed to me that here was something new in the art whereby man manages mankind.

Don't Sell France Short



THE FASTEST ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE in the world, the highest aerial cableway, the deepest canal lock, the tallest gantry crane, the tiniest microtools, the biggest truck, the quietest commercial jet . . . all these firsts, mosts, bests and many more are the products of France. Yes, of lovely, pleasure-given, froufrou France, a land of food and fashions, wines and perfumes, but surely—one used to think—not quite up to making serious hardware.

Never has the stereotype of a frivolous, deliciously backward France been less true than it is today. The great postwar surge of French inventiveness, of sheer technical ability, has surprised her friends and even France herself. The dismal fogs of French politics have veiled the solid accomplishments of a France that can compete with the best in science, industry, and technology anywhere.

And a France that exports creative brains as well as vintage

bottles. French engineers have been building an oil refinery in Finland, a telecommunications net in Greece, pipelines in Kenya, a fertilizer works in Pakistan, a jet-age runway in Hong Kong, a sewage system for Auckland, New Zealand, a steel mill in the Colombian Andes, a four-lane vehicular tunnel under Havana Bay, ammonia plants in Alabama and Missouri.

The French may not yet have peddled coal in Newcastle, but they have built ships for the English and the Norwegians; they have equipped paper mills for the Swedes and chocolate factories for the Swiss. St-Gobain, the world's largest manufacturer of plate glass, with thirty-two plants in nine countries, is planning to build a 40-million-dollar plate-glass factory in the United States. Here glass in a river 10 feet wide and nearly half a mile long will be rolled, ground, and polished on both sides in one ceaseless operation, as it is at the company's amazingly automatic Chantierine plant in France.

French machinery and inventions are landing on American shores, to the great surprise of those who had thought of France as primarily an exporter of silks, champagne, and truffles. The Ugine-Séjournet technique for extruding hot steel shapes by lubricating the dies with glass is being used by a number of leading American steel companies. The world of electric motors may well be turned upside down by an invention (developed by the French company known as S.E.A.) which substitutes for yards of wire winding and pounds of metal a rotor with printed circuits. Wafer-thin, it looks like a small phonograph record and weighs as little.

The Voltabloc, a nickel-cadmium, rechargeable alkaline battery, developed by the French S.A.F.T. (and manufactured in the United States under license by Gulton Indus-

tries, Inc.), lasts twenty times longer than conventional acid batteries. Built up of individual cells no bigger than bottle caps, these "VO" batteries have been used in transistor radios, Life Lite rechargeable flashlights, Signal Corps walkie-talkies, devices to replace an injured larynx, proximity-guidance canes to warn the blind. Heavier Voltablocs have helped launch jet planes and missiles and have heated huts for the United States Antarctic Operation Deep-Freeze.

In no field has France done more to win applause than in aviation. Because of its comparative quiet, Sud-Aviation's swept-wing, two-engine, 500-mile-an-hour Caravelle was the first pure jet plane allowed to land at New York's Idlewild Airport. The Caravelle has not only flown, but even taken off, on one engine.

French aeronautical skill has turned out a stable of military jets, and the world's only manned ram-jet, the Griffon, with a speed twice that of sound. Another triumph is the world's smallest reaction turbine, developed by Turboméca, several of whose turbines are being produced in the United States under license by Continental Motors.

In sharp contrast with the French race horses of the air is Bréguet's 941, which, though it cruises at 250 miles an hour, can slow down to 45 without stalling. It can clear a five-story house after a take-off sprint of only 220 yards. This is achieved by the use of enormous flaps and by drenching the wings in the slipstream from four oversized propellers.

The world's first turbine-driven helicopter, the French Alouette, was the first helicopter to fly in the stratosphere, reaching an altitude of 36,501 feet. The Alouette has sprayed bananas in Guinea, supplied crews of oil-drilling platforms off the coast of Louisiana, saved victims of Alpine accidents.

The Alouette's younger sister, the Djinn, is agile enough

to land on a moving trailer. The Djinn is driven by compressed air blowing out through the tips of its rotor blades, making them spin, just as water pressure twirls a lawn sprinkler.

If the French have flown high, they have also dived deep. Like something sprung from the mind of Jules Verne is the "bathyscaphe," an experimental submarine for exploring the ocean floor. Adapted by Commander Georges Houot from Professor Auguste Piccard's diving sphere, the bathyscaphe is like a blimp in reverse, operating with 20,000 gallons of gasoline instead of with helium. As the gasoline is released, sea water is let in to take its place. Water being heavier than gasoline, the bathyscaphe sinks. Commander Houot has taken it down to a record depth of 13,287 feet.

French tradition has reasserted itself on dry land as well. In the small-car markets of the world the Volkswagen has been challenged by Renault's 40-miles-per-gallon, four-passenger Dauphine. To satisfy an increasingly enthusiastic American public, Renault has flung a network of some eight hundred dealers over the fifty states. At Flins, near Paris, Dauphines are assembled at the rate of one a day for every five employees. A Ford vice-president recently told a Congressional subcommittee that this plant was more nearly automatic than any automobile plant in the United States.

Berliet has shown a Diesel truck, the Magic, with a novel fuel-injection and air-intake principle which enables it to run equally well on gasoline, kerosene, brilliantine, or cod-liver oil.

After waiting twenty-two years before bringing out a new model, Citroën finally hatched the revolutionary DS 19, the world's only mass-produced car with an "air-oil" suspension. It can be raised or lowered $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches to clear rough ground

or rutty roads, and its tires are changed without a jack. Automotive experts speak of it as "incredibly safe, fast cornering, superbly comfortable—a decade ahead of contemporary design."

In electronics, the French have more than kept pace with the rest of the world. Directed Hertzian waves from a huge radiotelephone tower near Paris have replaced most of the old-fashioned telephone wires between the capital and four of the largest provincial cities. From France (ordered by the French navy for use in ships) has come Europe's first completely electronic automatic telephone exchange, which operates without any mechanical moving parts. The French have produced what is reputed to be the world's most efficient radio and television transmitting tube, the small, powerful Vapotron, which is cooled by the vaporization of water, as well as the Tecnétron, an electronic amplifier, more efficient and versatile than the transistor, for use in radar, television, satellites, and guided missiles.

One of the triumphs of French scientific invention is the sensational "electron probe microanalyzer," or Microsonde, developed by Professor Raymond Castaing. By directing a finely focused beam of electrons at the surface of a piece of metal, it can determine in two or three minutes the composition of a substance which a chemical laboratory would need as many weeks to analyze. It can analyze areas as small as 1/25,000-inch square, and is expected to revolutionize the field of metallurgy.

According to John R. Cooney, president and managing director of the French subsidiary of the Burroughs Corporation, makers of accounting machines, "the French worker is skilled, dedicated, and creative. He has a great many original and useful ideas for improving efficiency. He takes great

pride in his plant and will break his neck to get the job done."

Burroughs, which began by importing brains and machines into France, now exports French engineering ideas and French management to its other foreign subsidiaries.

While France and her forty-four million people are boiling with energy, both physical and intellectual, there is, of course, a seamy side to the amazing French carpet. The economic gap between the employed and the employing classes is still much too wide; the standard of living, though much improved since 1949, is still too low. Labor relations are better, but there are still many French employers so mossbacked that one cannot tell which side of them is north.

France needs several minor revolutions: economic, social, and psychological. Thousands of small merchants and manufacturers will have to give up special positions and private arrangements and abandon the philosophy of building high prices upon a narrow market. And savings must come out of hiding, whether from the peasant's gold-filled sock or the speculator's anonymous Swiss bank account. The entire free world will gain if these idle funds are invested in a France which her people are daily making stronger with their good heads and their clever hands.

"Bearer is a Hemophiliac"



THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN suspected that something was wrong soon after the Schnabels' first son, Frank, was born, because the baby bruised so easily. But nothing decisive happened until Frank was three, when he fell and cut his tongue. It stopped bleeding only after he had received three transfusions.

Then the Schnabels learned the dreadful truth. Frank was a "bleeder," the victim of a mysterious blood deficiency, hemophilia, sometimes called the "royal disease" because several young princes of European reigning houses had been afflicted by it. The childhood of two of these was so cramped by parental fears that the trees in the royal park where they played were padded with pillows.

Thirty-odd years ago, when Frank Schnabel went to the hospital for the first time, only two or three out of every ten hemophiliacs lived to be twenty. And so, in the Schnabel

home in Spokane, Washington, it was as if his parents had suddenly caught sight of the sword of death suspended over their child's head.

One night Mazie Schnabel found her son sleeping peacefully in a spreading pool of blood. A baby tooth had come loose. In a few more hours, she realized with terror, his life would have leaked quietly away.

After such a scare, many mothers—perhaps most—would have guarded their child's every hour and taught him to flee even the shadow of danger. But Mazie Schnabel was a mother in a million. Death might be waiting for her son behind every tree trunk in life's royal park, but something told her that too much protective pillowing could slowly stifle him. Her boy's best chance of living was to accept as much of life as he could take.

And so it came about that Frank Schnabel, who inherited a full measure of his mother's courage and love of life, broke all the rules that are supposed to govern hemophiliacs. In defiance of his handicap, he went to school, played games, graduated from college, traveled, married, got a good job and kept it. On top of all that, his energy and persistence have been chiefly responsible for the creation of Canada's first center for the treatment of hemophilia, a model of its kind.

The story of how Frank and his mother chose to have him shoot the rapids and live, rather than paddle in the backwaters and merely not die, is a lesson in human wisdom that takes one far beyond his exotic disease.

Hemophilia is not, as many people believe, the penalty for royal inbreeding; it afflicts about one out of every four thousand white American males. Also contrary to popular belief, the hemophiliac's greatest peril is not the external bleeding

from cuts or wounds, but the much more frequent internal hemorrhages.

Often after even the slightest injury, and sometimes for no apparent reason, the capillaries within the knee or ankle begin to seep blood into the narrow spaces of the joints. The pressure of the confined fluid on the nerve trunks soon causes unbearable pain. In their agony, young sufferers pull up their arms and legs, which may remain frozen in that position unless skillfully treated, first with prompt transfusions to curb the seeping, then with long and patient therapy.

Until recent years, most hemophiliacs ended their lives in braces, on crutches, in wheel chairs, or as bedridden bundles of tortured human geometry. By great good luck the Schnabels' family physician had seen a case of hemophilia as an intern. He knew what was ahead for Frank, and he prepared Mazie Schnabel to face it and to help her son endure long bouts of excruciating pain without sedatives. And so Frank learned early what so many people never learn at all: that even unbearable pain can and must be borne.

Frank Schnabel managed to live with this pain partly because his mother never asked how he felt, or showed how desperately sorry she was for him, or let him think he was different from other boys. He had to be protected—up to a point; yet it was also vital that he should lead a normal life—up to a point. When he was small, his mother rounded off the sharp corners in the house. But cotton wool was alien to her spirit, and when he was old enough to ride a tricycle, he was given one. Another boy promptly pushed him off it, and Frank spent several weeks in the hospital.

The repeated transfusions, the days in bed, the nights of pain, taught Frank how to mix caution and daring in the right proportions. “I might not climb as high in the trees as

my friends," he told me, "but I'd climb; I'd jump off a fence, but not off a roof." Yet every so often he couldn't resist the temptation of a scrap or a game of touch football. "And half the time I got away with it."

When he was twelve, Frank began a diary. It is a record of unselfconscious courage, the story of a boy who took a fearful handicap in his stride and remained robustly normal.

Played hockey. . . . Had a pine-cone fight. . . . Got firecracker catalog. Chopped down big tree in back woods. . . . Went to scout meeting and passed Badge and Uniform.

Played tennis and got bloody nose; was hard to stop. . . . Played baseball. Got another nosebleed . . . had sore leg from sliding in to base. . . . Went to hospital and had transfusion. . . . Wasn't as bad as I thought. Real pretty nurses.

Memorial Day. Had to stay in all day with swollen ankle. . . . Not getting much rest at nights. . . . Had another bloody nose. Won about 50 marbles. Shot off some firecrackers. Neighbors complained.

Made one dollar today delivering papers and shoveling walk. . . . Down with bad leg. . . .

All through those years Mazie Schnabel watched her son's ordeal with inner agony but outer calm. If she had complaints to make or questions to ask, whether of nurse or hospital or Fate itself, she never let Frank hear them. When one crisis had passed, she would go off alone somewhere and collapse, to restore her strength for the next.

As the years went by, she was immensely heartened by what the unending struggle was doing for her son. "It ripened him," she told me. "I never knew anyone who so much wanted to live, or to whom life was so precious because it was so rationed."

In spite of the constant setbacks, Frank graduated from high school, won a B.A. in political science at the University of Washington, took postgraduate courses in geography and economics at the University of California at Los Angeles and in England. “I was possessed by the desire to travel,” he says—though he knew, and his mother knew, that for long periods he might not have proper care. On one of his trips he spent days in the Library of Congress doing research on hemophilia. “It was absorbing,” says Frank now, “but far too much like reading obituaries.”

The blood of a hemophiliac is deficient in a substance—the antihemophilic factor, or AHF—which normally makes blood clot. Because no way has yet been found to make the sufferer’s body produce the lacking AHF, hemophilia remains on the dwindling list of incurable diseases. At present the most effective treatment of the hemorrhages into the joints is prompt transfusion of blood plasma, a pint of which usually contains enough AHF to stop bleeding and keep swelling and pain at a minimum.

Hemophilia is a “sex-linked recessive” abnormality, which means that it is hereditary in a sort of skip-stop pattern: the female line carries it, yet only the male line suffers from it. If a hemophiliac marries and has children, all his sons will be normal. But every one of his daughters will be a carrier of the sinister gene and may therefore transmit the disease to one or more of her sons. Or she may not—it’s a gamble, with the genes as dice.

When Frank was twenty-four he went off alone, on crutches, to Costa Rica. It was risky, as both he and his mother knew, but she didn’t try to stop him. For a year and a half his shingle hung out in one of the main streets of the capital city, San José: Schnabel & Associates, Economic Re-

search. He had hoped to persuade American capital to take advantage of Costa Rica's unique advantages, but he was too many years ahead of his time to succeed. However, he met there the girl who is now his wife.

Not many hemophiliacs marry—it's a great deal to ask of a girl. But Hylma Frere had had two years of premedical studies. She knew exactly what Frank was up against, what might—but also might not—be the consequences of their having children. They took the plunge with their eyes open.

Two years later he obtained his present position of research analyst for an investment trust in Montreal and went to live in Canada.

"When I arrived in Montreal," he says, "I had braces on both arms and both legs. I couldn't navigate steps, I couldn't walk more than a hundred yards at a time."

One afternoon Frank's right knee began to hurt. "I could almost see it swell up," he says. In such an emergency quick action is vital. He telephoned a hematologist at the hospital: "I'm bleeding badly and need a transfusion right away." "I'm sorry, Mr. Schnabel," said a brisk impersonal voice, "but you'll have to arrange this with your own doctor. Who is he?" "Dr. X," answered Frank. "Then call *him*," said the voice.

Two hours were lost finding Dr. X, getting an ambulance, filling out forms. Frank's wheel chair reached the ward at nine o'clock that night, but there was no plasma on hand. "My own blood was cross-matched at ten, some whole blood arrived at two in the morning, an intern finally got going with the transfusion at three-thirty. By that time my knee was the size of a watermelon."

Was this the best that Canada's largest city, with its excellent hospitals and doctors, could do? How might such a woe-

ful lack of organization, such a disastrous misunderstanding of the needs of the adult hemophiliac, be corrected? Frank sharpened his indignation into a lance and began a long crusade.

Some years earlier a National Hemophilia Foundation had been set up in the United States, with chapters in a number of cities. While on business trips, Frank had consulted them, and through them had received transfusions and physiotherapy. But nothing similar existed in Canada.

For the next three years Frank Schnabel battled to create a Montreal chapter of the Foundation. He rounded up adult hemophiliacs and the parents of hemophilic children, persuaded physicians to give talks before them, finally had enough support to found a Canadian chapter.

His next fight was for a separate center for adults. Today, thanks to his energy and persistence, and to the generosity of the Montreal Junior League, the center is in full swing. Frank introduced me to its director, Dr. Cecil Harris, head of the Hematology Department at St. Mary's Hospital. Together they showed me how swiftly and efficiently a patient is taken care of in Montreal.

“A few days ago,” Frank said, “I had a hemorrhage in my right elbow. I came to St. Mary's at six in the morning, received a plasma transfusion, and was at the office by half-past nine. Five years ago, or today in one of the many cities that don't have such a center, I would have been incapacitated for two weeks.”

The Canadian Hemophilia Society, which Frank Schnabel founded and of which he is the president and the animating spirit, now has chapters in Toronto, Quebec, and Alberta, as well as Montreal. Every hemophiliac whom the Society has

registered carries a card with his name, his blood type, and the warning:

BEARER IS A HEMOPHILIAC

(Uncontrollable Bleeding)

AND NEEDS IMMEDIATE MEDICAL
ATTENTION IN CASE OF ACCIDENT

Frank has also helped set up a research program on hemophilia in the Department of Biochemistry of McGill University. Here Dr. Orville F. Denstedt and his associates have been investigating a central enigma: what is it that disturbs the stability of the capillaries so that, in effect, they suddenly leak? So far, only one thing seems certain: the attempt to solve the riddle of hemophilia will shed light on some of the other mysteries of human blood.

Frank and Hylma Schnabel have an enchanting five-year-old daughter, Gina Maria. The genetic laws that govern hemophilia dictate that she, inevitably, will be a carrier of the disease. If she should take the risk of marriage, and have a daughter, the daughter might also be a carrier—or she might not. If Gina Maria should have a son, he might be a bleeder—or he might not. In each case, the chances are exactly even; no one can tell her in advance.

Faced with such possibilities, many hemophilic men, and many of the women who knew that they were potential carriers, would either not marry, or, if they did, would make sure not to have children. "How could I ever face a grandchild," hemophiliacs have asked, "whom I had deliberately exposed to a lifetime of treatments and transfusions? What right have I to take the chance of handing on this curse?"

Frank and Hylma feel differently. While Gina Maria has within her the power to transmit a distressing ailment to her sons, she herself has not been physically harmed. The decision whether or not to marry, whether or not to have children, will be hers. It will be a hard one—unless, as Frank hopes, by that time a cure for hemophilia is in sight.

Gina Maria may decide to deny herself children. Or she may, like the two brave people who chose to have her, choose to face life as something infinitely worth creating as well as living. And her son may inherit from his grandfather, along with the disease, the courage to overcome it; the capacity to rejoice that, though in pain often and in danger always, he is alive.

Rolf, the Dog Who Finds Things



DAY AFTER DAY, and often at night, on the roads of Denmark's western island of Funen, one can see a small blue pickup truck with a big dark dog sitting beside the driver and looking at him as if listening to his instructions. Whenever the truck goes by, the people of Funen turn and stare, some in wonder, others in grateful recognition. For on its tailboard are neatly lettered the startling words *Sporhunden Rolf* (Rolf the Tracking Dog), and a telephone number.

This is not a joke, but the business card of the only dog in the world, so I am told, who is privately and professionally engaged to find things people have lost. Since they first hung out their shingle seven years ago, Rolf and his owner Svend Andersen have recovered almost 3,000,000 crowns (\$400,000) worth of missing wrist-watches, jewelry, tools, currency, keepsakes, heirlooms, government bonds, hearing aids, dentures, wedding rings, cows, geese, pigs, and other dogs. Rolf's

exquisitely sensitive nose has found these things, sometimes weeks after they were lost, in dank bogs and busy streets, floating on water or encased in ice, buried under three feet of grain, under six feet of loose, freshly spaded earth.

Rolf is a serious, methodical, utterly dedicated ten-year-old German shepherd dog. His partner, a secondhand dealer in the market town of Glamsbjerg, now has an assistant tend his shop, leaving him free to answer the 600 or 700 calls for help that he and Rolf get every year. Four out of every five times, according to Andersen, they find what they were summoned to look for. This is so phenomenal as to be not only superhuman but supercanine. It makes one believe in animal senses for which as yet no name exists.

Whenever the telephone rings in Andersen's house, Rolf is instantly alert. And whenever he hears Andersen mention one of the dozen objects they are most often asked to find, Rolf dashes out the door and into the truck, eager to be off to work. On the way, Andersen repeats over and over again the name of what they are going to look for. When they arrive, usually at some field or farmhouse, Rolf trots out to circle, backtrack, and circle again until—this is Andersen's explanation—he picks up the faint, far scent of an object lying in a spot where it doesn't belong.

Three years ago Edvard Christensen, a Glamsbjerg businessman, lost his gold watch while hunting wild boar. It was nightfall before he appealed to Andersen, who set Rolf to quaterning the ground by flashlight. Three hours later Rolf had not only found the watch but had conscientiously brought in, one by one, a dozen shells ejected from Christensen's gun in various corners of the 1600-acre forest.

The place may be hopelessly vast, or the object minutely small. A visitor to a cattle show sneezed so hard that he lost

a gold filling. Rolf found it, ten yards from the sneeze, in turf that had been trampled by thousands of feet.

Somewhere in one of his fields a farmer lost a thousand crowns in bills and small change. Rolf picked up all but two cents' worth of it, including some copper coins no larger than a thumbtack.

Soon after her marriage, a young wife lost her wedding ring while working with her husband in a turnip field. Her tears flowed fast because of the old country superstition that her marriage was doomed unless the ring were found. So Rolf was called in. For three hours he ran back and forth among the turnip tops, in mud and gathering darkness. The young wife wept anew when she saw the gold band in Rolf's mouth.

Most of Rolf's finds mean a great deal to the far-from-rich people who pay Andersen his modest fee. The money blown off the road where she had dropped it was Mrs. Mikkelsen's monthly pension; the knotted handkerchief within a wheat-sheaf contained a farmhand's wages for a week; if Rolf hadn't found their billfold, the young couple from Copenhagen would have had to cut short a hard-earned vacation.

Mogens Pedersen carelessly let his little daughter Yutta play with a fine old watch, an heirloom, which belonged to her grandmother. When she lost it in a straw rick, fifty other children were turned loose to look for it. No luck. Next day the police came with a dog, later with another dog; both failed. Meanwhile, the grandmother had found out about the loss and was so angry that she left the house, threatening to disinherit them all.

At last, nine days later, Rolf was sent for. "Another stupid dog," the family said, when Rolf, ignoring the straw, began to nose about in a root pit some distance away—where he

found the watch in a matter of minutes. The explanation was simple: someone had taken a forkful of straw from the rick and dumped it into the pit. There was great joy and marveling, but it was some time before the grandmother would come home to her heirs.

Andersen learned years ago that Rolf's nose is much more reliable than the memory of a mere human being. Ole Eriksen lost his wallet while driving a hayrake. But Rolf showed no interest in his field. Obeying his nose, he ambled over to a farm two fields away, where he found the wallet impaled on a tooth of the hayrake, which Eriksen's neighbor had just borrowed from him.

On these expeditions, Rolf is so anxious to find something that he sometimes exceeds his instructions. Once, when he had completely failed to find a watch lost on a farm, Andersen reproved him rather sharply. Rolf went off sheepishly, to return, a little later, in triumph, with a watch in his mouth. But after him came running an angry, half-naked man, who said, "I was getting dressed when this damned dog poked his head in the door and lifted my watch from the table."

Rolf won't rest until he's found everything, even things the owners didn't know they'd lost. A troop of Boy Scouts spent a restless night in a hayloft. When they got up, one of them missed his wallet. After a fruitless search, Rolf was sent for. Besides the wallet, he fished out of the hay a couple of mouth organs, four ball-point pens, two flashlights, the mouthpieces of three trumpets, some combs, knives and forks, a button off a Scout tunic, a signal whistle, and a shoe.

Rolf has often done service as a detective, with such success that sometimes his mere presence is enough to break the case. At her confirmation party a young girl suddenly missed her purse bulging with more than fifty dollars she had re-

ceived as gifts. Her father, certain that the thief must be one of the guests, summoned Andersen. With Rolf at his side, Andersen went around the house calling out that he was giving the thief five minutes to return the money. On their next circuit, the purse, with the money still in it, was found on the ground in front of the kitchen.

Tracking human beings is obviously much easier than finding almost scentless inanimate objects. Tina, aged five, disappeared while she was playing. Hours of search yielded nothing but tears and despair. Then someone told her father about Rolf. When the blue truck arrived, Rolf was given some of Tina's clothes to sniff; then he went off. A few minutes later he had found the child in a gravel pit, her legs caught fast under a sandslide.

Rolf has performed some feats with people which are harder to explain. A two-year-old girl suddenly vanished from a yard in the heart of the town of Odense. Her mother, frantic, rushed into a crowded auction room nearby, asking stranger after stranger if anyone had seen her little Marta. By luck Andersen happened to be there, buying things for his secondhand shop. There was no time to get the little girl's clothes, so Andersen let Rolf sniff her mother's, and the yard where she had been. Then he turned Rolf loose, following at a distance. Soon Rolf was far ahead, threading his way through the busy streets. A quarter of an hour later Andersen saw him stop and begin to circle a small child, who reached out to pat him.

I went to Glamsbjerg to make sure that Rolf's exploits were not just another fairy story by Hans Christian Andersen (no relation to Svend), who was born at Odense, only a few miles away. Svend Andersen and his wife Valborg live in a one-story house, with few comforts and less furniture than

there is in his secondhand shop. He is a chunky, round-faced man of about fifty, with oddly oblique lids which give his eyes a hooded, almost secret expression. Over coffee and cakes we talked and watched Rolf, who sat obediently in a corner, watching the cakes. At a window appeared the bright eyes and puppy ears of one of Rolf's grandsons. In and out of the room trotted a smaller, rather frivolous blond dog, Rolf's son and apprentice, Bambi.

Rolf's stare was mysterious, liquid, impersonal. He seemed incredibly alert, yet at the same time profoundly calm, like the taut, true strings of a great violin. A Stradivarius of a dog. At the sudden sound of the telephone bell, we could almost hear him go "twang."

A moment later, Andersen was saying, "Yes, I have a dog named Rolf; what have you lost? A wallet? Five hundred crowns? I can't guarantee . . ."

An hour later we were in a forest park on the mainland near the city of Fredericia, tramping among the beech trees with Axel Jensen, an agent for agricultural machinery. Mr. Jensen, large, ruddy, genial, had lost his wallet somewhere in these woods ten days before, while picking anemones with his wife. Since then, hundreds of other people had also come there to pick anemones, two Sundays had gone by, two neighboring amateur dogs had tried to find the wallet but failed, and it had rained.

For half an hour Rolf ranged in wide broken zigzags. Occasionally Andersen would call him back, or tell him to keep looking ("*Sög! Sög!*"), but neither seemed really interested. The great smooth beech trunks marched away like the pillars of some planless cathedral; above us drifted the storm-bellied clouds of May. It was beautiful—but no wallet.

So we got into our cars again and drove away to another

part of the forest where anemones might possibly tempt wallets to fall from pockets. It was a damp and shadowed hollow, with two or three acres of black boggy soil sliced by drainage ditches and thickly covered with anemones. A wallet could lie hidden here until the hundred-crown notes became one with the ooze.

Again Rolf ranged, nose to earth, while Andersen, in his snuff-colored duffel coat and flat green cap, nudged and encouraged him with a word from time to time.

I don't know at what moment we began to notice that Rolf was padding about in narrower loops, or that Andersen was now standing at the brink of a ditch, motionless, tense, as if giving orders which only Rolf could hear.

Suddenly Rolf's forepaws were swiftly scooping the soft earth. Just as suddenly he stopped, cast about, and scratched again a few feet away, only to change his mind; then, farther to the right, he began to dig a third time.

All at once he trotted out of the bog, head proudly high, holding something dark in his mouth. It was the wallet, with the 500 crowns in it.

Jensen roared with surprise and joy. Rolf laid back his ears and crouched, overcome by emotion. On each of his brown legs he wore a black sock of mud. Andersen walked away from us a few yards, as if the strain of the long search, and the incredible triumph, had been too much.

Later, over a glass of beer, and after Jensen had paid him 70 crowns for the job, we asked Andersen to tell us how a dog goes about locating a piece of leather 5 by 7 inches in a third of a million square feet of vine, sod, and undergrowth, trodden crisscross by hundreds of strollers.

Though Andersen's eyelids were drawn nearly all the way down, like shades, he managed to say that he had known

there was nothing in those first 75 acres because of Rolf's total lack of interest or reaction. "But in the swamp I could tell from the way he behaved that he had picked up a trail. The scent had reached him through the air from the spot where the wallet was dropped."

Now Andersen's eyes closed completely; he was so weary that he had even forgotten to telephone home. We reminded him. When he came back he was grinning. "Rolf will have his reward tonight. My wife says that a pedigreed bitch is coming over for a little visit. Do you want to buy one of the pups?"

Another day we watched Rolf perform again. A fountain pen of great sentimental value had been lost. But when we got to the farm, its owner had gone, and everyone else was vague as to where it had been dropped. Andersen had also brought along Rolf's son Bambi, to give him some practice, and with a few words he turned both dogs loose in half an acre of chickweed. Bambi cavorted about, apparently trying to get his father to have a little fun for a change. Rolf ignored him and went to work at once. In five minutes his nose had narrowed the search to a few hundred square feet; in five more he had begun to scratch the earth; ten seconds later, from another spot nearby, he had extracted a big, ugly, red fountain pen, which he let fall into Andersen's outstretched cap.

Andersen picked Rolf from a litter sired by his father's all-Scandinavian prizewinner because Rolf had a bigger head, and snuffled more eagerly along the ground, than any of the other six pups. Rolf found his first watch (a neighbor's) when he was only five months old. After a year's training and some amateur watch-and-wallet work, he became a professional.

In order to answer the calls that began to come in, Andersen had to buy a light truck. Then, to pay for the truck, he had to start charging fees. They are never high: 20 to 40 crowns, depending upon the object's value and the state of the victim's finances, for Andersen is deplorably generous. What began as a hobby became a business, finally an all-absorbing passion.

Nothing ever gets lost in the Andersens' house: coins, screws, nails, buttons, the ever-watchful Rolf finds them all and picks them up without being told. Nothing that doesn't belong on the floor can possibly stay there. To demonstrate this, Andersen put a spoon on the floor, called Rolf in from the next room, and ordered him to lie down. We went on talking of other things. But Rolf couldn't stand it. After a few minutes he leaped up, seized the spoon in his mouth, and delivered it to his master.

Sometimes Rolf's helpfulness strikes Andersen as exaggerated. "If I stay too long with friends at a pub and Valborg starts out with Rolf to find me, I haven't got a chance.

"My father was rheumatic and hated drafts," Andersen went on, "so we taught Rolf to keep the doors shut. But he learned his lesson so well that we had to unlearn him. Our nerves couldn't stand the constant slamming of doors into our backs every time we went from one room to another."

Rolf's own nerves are tungsten steel; his singleness of purpose is such that he would work until he dropped if he were allowed to; and he's as tenacious as a bear trap. One morning Andersen sent him to the baker's to fetch a bagful of biscuits, but when Rolf turned up there was only one, and it was in his mouth. Eyewitnesses later said that Rolf, who never picks a fight, had been attacked on his way back by another dog,

and the biscuits became casualties. In spite of the fracas, Rolf had not forgotten what he had been sent to do.

Is there a science behind Rolf's mysterious art? Andersen can only say that the combination of an infinitely delicate nose and long, careful training somehow enables him to detect a thing which is out of its proper place or context—a clock in a pigpen, a diamond brooch in a hayloft. (But no one has tried to find out how long it would take Rolf to spot a wisp of hay in a jewelry store.)

In the course of years of hunting with Rolf, Andersen has learned some strange things. Rain is bad for tracking, but wind is worse, because it seems to buffet and swirl the scent, sometimes making it stronger where the object isn't than where it actually is. This would explain why Rolf so often tracks with his nose in the air, instead of close to the ground as do less gifted dogs. But nothing explains why metal, and small pieces of it at that, has scent enough to reach Rolf's nose from as far away as it does.

One police expert, the judge at some official trials in which Rolf took part, called his feats of tracking unique. What particularly struck him was the "fantastic cooperation between dog and guide" and Andersen's skill in keeping up Rolf's interest, in prompting him by quiet, friendly remarks, "like the conversation of two friends."

There's an uncanny understanding between Andersen and Rolf, a deep and subtle sympathy, perhaps a telepathy, partly explained by the sensitive nature of each, partly by the years of intense training and constant companionship. But there's something mysterious left over which seems beyond rational explanation.

If Andersen is tired, Rolf is less efficient than usual. His own concentration, Andersen believes, helps Rolf in his

search. When Rolf fails on a job, Andersen lies awake going over and over the ground in his mind. Often he gets up in the dead of night and drives with Rolf down the deserted roads between the lightless whitewashed houses to the scene of their failure, where they go hunting, hunting again by flashlight. "The night," he says, "is quiet, and a good time to go looking for things that are lost." And often they succeed.

Andersen knows that he may be wearing himself out. "Yet I cannot imagine a better life. When we find something, there's no feeling like it, there's no reward to compare with it. Then I don't know who is happier, Rolf or me. Then I can relax—until the telephone rings again. But if too long a time goes by without its ringing, I become unhappy and restless once more. There's no cure for that except to get behind the wheel and be off on another job with Rolf."

As they roll through the lawn-green land of Funen, man and dog, side by side on the seat of the little blue truck, Andersen may say a few words about their errand, and for all we know Rolf in his way may even answer him, but they don't need to—they understand each other without human or indeed any other kind of speech.

The Car Boom in Europe



WITH THE ROAR OF TWENTY MILLION EXHAUST PIPES, the “automotive explosion” has hit our friends across the Atlantic. It is the most astonishing, the most promising, but also the most unmanageable phenomenon in a Europe which scarcely a decade ago was flat on its economic back.

In 1947, for every Italian who had a car there were 285 who hadn't. Today the ratio is 1 to 31. Twelve times as many West Germans and Austrians own cars as did a dozen years ago, five times as many Frenchmen, four times as many Swiss. In Great Britain there is one automobile for every ten people; in Sweden, with the highest rate in all Western Europe, one for every seven.

All the familiar features, good and bad, of the automotive age as we Americans know it are sprouting in Europe. Parking meters and drunkometers; drive-in movies and drive-in

banks; courteous curb service and discreet radar traps; car thieves and billboards; movements, devices, and societies to protect nature from motorists, motorists from nature, and motorists from motorists.

There has come to millions upon millions the new, nameless, endless delight of being free to go where one wills, of escaping from all the other escapers, of just once not being in a group, elbowed, trampled, jolted; the sheer pride and joy in a gleaming four-wheeled toy; the sight of new skylines, faces, food, wines; the thrill of private and personal discovery.

My latest glance at the European automotive-boom thermometer yields this fever reading: a real-estate company sold several hundred apartments just outside Paris in record time, because the price included, besides the usual tub, toilet, and kitchen range, a Fiat "600" and a garage to keep it in.

The effects of such a boom, as we have learned in the United States, are far-reaching. An expanding automobile industry is not only a sign of increasing prosperity but one of its chief causes. It is a stabilizing factor, not only economically but socially. The wage earner with an increasing stake in his society is less inclined to turn it in for a new one. In Italy last winter Communists and Socialists agitated for a soak-the-plutocrats tax on gasoline. The suggestion swiftly backfired. Union leaders objected that hundreds of thousands of their members were now rich enough to own cars.

Automobiles have changed the whole pattern of travel in Europe. According to one estimate, a hundred million Europeans now visit another country by car each year, many of them with tents and cooking equipment for camping vacations. By the hundreds of thousands, every spring and summer, cars from Germany, Holland, Switzerland pour over the misty Alps toward the blue lakes of Lombardy, while

French cars vault the Pyrenees into Spain. You may find a Land Rover from Finland upon a Sicilian donkey track; not long ago, beside an angler hip-deep in a wild Dalmatian stream I saw a car with a Paris license plate.

In seven countries the railroads are trying to lure their former customers back by offering "car-sleeper" service: car owner and car are put on the same train at night and descend together the next morning five hundred miles away.

The boom is all the more remarkable because a new car takes a considerably bigger slice out of a European's budget than it does out of an American's. To buy the United States' best-selling low-priced car, the average American wage earner must set aside only five or six months' pay. To buy a correspondingly reasonably priced popular car, the average European must set aside his pay for twice as long. But for a European, more than for an American, a car is a badge of good fortune, a steel-and-rubber escalator to a higher social floor. Even more than Americans, Europeans will tighten every belt in the house, go far out on perilous financial limbs, in order to have a car.

In Austria, where in spite of a stiff tax there is now one automobile for every twenty people, the average citizen must put aside two or three days' pay merely to fill the gas tank of a small car for the week-end. To have a car, a friend writes me from Vienna, "young married couples will go without meat, furniture, vacations—even offspring."

The automobile tide rolled in so much faster than expected that West European highway departments were caught with their plans down. While Germany had some 1600 miles of throughway, the rest of Western Europe put together had less than half as much. Much of Europe's secondary-road net-

work seems to have been traced by geese out for a Sunday morning walk.

A thousand miles of four-lane highway are now being built; ten thousand are projected. Ancient hills are being gashed, sleepy hamlets by-passed, lethal curves abolished. In time, many of the tortuous mountain passes will be replaced by vehicular tunnels, such as the one now being bored under Mont Blanc and scheduled to open in 1962. Seven miles long, it will digest 14,400 cars a day and will cut the journey between France and Italy by three hours.

But the hours to be gained here have already been lost elsewhere. All over Europe the bumpers are daily coming closer together. In the capitals, to whose streets a couple of hundred new cars are being added every day, the traffic jams are nightmarish. In the center of Hamburg, during rush hours, traffic moves no faster than a man walking backward. In Great Britain, where there is a gasoline-powered vehicle of some kind for every six yards of main highway, the Easter 1960 traffic jam west of London stretched for twenty-three miles. If English fog brings paralysis, fog plus glare ice takes the realm back to the Druids. In Paris, the river of cars up the Champs Elysées and around the Arc de Triomphe sometimes freezes so solid that drivers abandon their cars and walk home. During a jam in Milan not long ago a frustrated lawyer got out of his car and shot another driver dead.

Faced with automotive thrombosis, the great cities search unceasingly for a solution. Half the battle, of course, depends on the nerves and mental agility of their police force. Tourists and experts unite in thinking the French traffic cops the most alert and resourceful. With their flashing white billies and gadfly whistles, they have a peculiar gift for keeping traffic so stirred up that it doesn't jell.

Teams of crack French traffic policemen have been invited to Germany, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Spain, to demonstrate their art. Under the baton of an expert *flic*, traffic at an intersection in Stuttgart moved twice as fast as usual. Policemen from several countries have also gone to Paris to study methods at first hand. Belgian policemen were sent there to train for the Brussels Fair. In spite of the cataract of visitors, they managed to keep Brussels traffic under control.

Though Europeans generally do not murder one another on the road at the rate that Americans do, they are catching up. In fact, West Germany, with a 1959 record of 239 people per million of population killed in or by cars, has just nosed the United States (with 214) out of first place. In Italy, death visits a street or a road once every hour and a quarter. Reckoned by passenger-miles, flying is now ten times safer in Europe than going by car.

Even semi-Communist Yugoslavia, with only one motor vehicle for every 135 inhabitants, and the world's straightest, flattest, but also loneliest throughway (the 300-mile Autoput between Zagreb and Belgrade), had 995 fatalities last year.

Frightened and perplexed, Europe has tried hard to cut the rising toll. Italy has ordered trailer-trucks to stay off the main highways on Sundays and holidays. The Swiss require all trucks to take cover at nightfall. The Danes prohibit billboards on all their roads, or even near enough roads to distract the motorist's mind and eye. The Germans have set up more than a hundred *Verkehrsgärten*—"traffic gardens"—where children learn to drive miniature cars through a miniature city complete with traffic signs, lights, and one-way streets under the stern but kindly eye of a life-size traffic cop.

Speed limits, for years resisted in many parts of Europe as smacking of dictatorship, are now more widely accepted.

From April to October, France imposes a universal 66-mile-per-hour limit on holidays and week-ends.

The Scandinavians are the strictest about mixing liquor and driving. In Norway, .05 per cent of alcohol in the blood (one big cocktail will do the trick) is enough to send a driver to jail for twenty-one days. Swedish police "blood patrols" regularly stop drivers at random to check their percentages. Swedish law distinguishes between "unsober driving" (0.05 to 0.15 per cent of alcohol in the blood) and "drunken driving" (over 0.15 per cent). A Swede convicted of "drunken driving" is nearly always locked up, regardless of wealth, rank, or previous condition of rectitude.

I once spent some hours in one of these institutions (as a visitor, be it noted). The fare was frugal, the air pure, the regime austere but, like so much else in Sweden's penal system, humane. A shipping magnate caught exceeding the 0.15-per cent limit had been paroled out for twenty-four hours so that he could watch a bottle of champagne break on the bow of one of his new freighters.

The Danes go even further than the Swedes; they punish people whose judgment has been warped by taking too many tranquilizing or energizing pills.

The French, more tolerant of the bottle than the Scandinavians, have gone after the car itself. Two years ago the Government decreed a wide range of alterations, to be completed in stages by 1961. Anything sharp or projecting must be removed from the exterior of the car. Statuettes, silver birds, model airplanes, all must fly from radiator caps, never to return. The sharklike fins worn on the *derrières* of some American cars are absolutely out. Bumpers, door handles, dashboards may have no man-eating, cyclist-catching, or anti-passenger protuberances. Inside the 1961 Dauphine you will

be able to shake a baby like a cocktail without its getting a black eye.

Can all the safety measures now in force, and the others yet to come, with the better roads yet to be built, do more than keep pace with a European automobile boom of which we are seeing only the first wave? The predictions are exhilarating, but also alarming: five years from now Germany's 3,200,000 cars will have swelled to 5,500,000; by 1964 Italy's 2,000,000 will have become 4,000,000; in 1963, 3,000,000 passenger cars will roll off British assembly lines; by 1970 every second family in Austria will have an automobile.

Ten years ago the land of Henry Ford was making 84 per cent of the world's cars, as compared with Western Europe's 14 per cent. By 1959 our percentage had sunk to 53 per cent, while Europe's was a wallop 42. At this rate, in three years the Europeans will pull even with us, and in five they will be ahead.

Mission Amid the Ruins



ROME'S ONLY ISLAND seems moored like a craft of stone in the muddy Tiber. At its stern there huddles a disorder of mean houses hung with torn laundry and loud with slum quarrels. Upstream, at the prow, stands the pumpkin-colored hospital of the Fate-Bene Fratelli, an order of monks devoted to good works. It was here, a dozen years ago, that fell the spark which set alight in the soul of a passionate, strange, and selfless man a fire which has warmed many an empty heart and is still burning.

Mario Tirabassi, the son of a well-to-do landowner in the Abruzzi mountains, came to Rome as a young man and got a job as a government clerk. Toward the end of the war, when refugees were pouring into Rome, he had to go to the pumpkin-colored hospital on the island, and was appalled by the sight of so much more misery than could be dealt with. He gave up his job and went to work as a volunteer orderly in

one of the wards, doing unpleasant chores for long hours without complaint.

One night in May, when he was leaning from the hospital window for a breath of air, Tirabassi heard groans coming from below him in the darkness. He hurried down to the flagstone deck which rings the island and groped for the feeble cries until he found a ragged old man, who mumbled out a story of how he had walked all the way from Cassino, where the rest of his family had been killed in the air raids. Tirabassi heaved the old man onto his back and carried him up to the hospital.

On the way, Tirabassi tells his friends and helpers now, he had the vision which changed his destiny. In a sudden brightness, there floated toward him a young girl all in white, who bade him have no fear, for he had been chosen to help the friendless, the homeless, the roofless, the uprooted. To this work, she said, he must dedicate his life.

When this vision appeared to him, Tirabassi was in his late twenties. He is now in his forties. Since then, some five thousand suns have set and nights have come. On every single one of those five thousand nights, Mario Tirabassi has gone out into the stony silences of darkened Rome, with packs and bundles stuffed full of clothes, bread, cheese, ham, shoes, socks, blankets, for the people no one else has bothered to try to find—for the human driftwood washed up on the asphalt or marble beaches of Rome by the war; for the people who trickle in from the poorer slopes of mountain countrysides; the men released from prison, unable or unwilling to find work, afraid to go back to their own villages.

Tirabassi is not a priest, or a member of any religious order. He wants to remain a layman, with a mission of his own making, and a parish bounded only by night and day. Some

of his parishioners have tiny pensions, just enough to live on, but not enough for a roof. So they find themselves free lodging amid the ruins of an imperial Caesar's palace. Some are old men, neither vagabonds nor beggars, but hermits by taste and habit, who enjoy living quite alone, like a wolf in his lair. Some are barred from the soup kitchens of organized charity because they do not possess even the spoon or cup or plate which is the price of admission to a number of these private breadlines.

Most of the hundreds whom Tirabassi knows by name and visits on his nightly rounds would find it difficult to get regular work or official relief, because they have no "papers." Without identity cards, they have no identity. In our modern bureaucratic world, even misery must have its passport.

Before dawn the derelicts are up and out of their illegal homes of splintered marble. They scatter over the city, sunning themselves, doing pitifully small odd jobs now and then, washing their rags in the river, collecting cigarette butts, raking over the trash cans lined up along the curb. A few hours later the tourists pour out of their comfortable hotels to see the sights. No one tells them, because almost no one knows, how often the ruins they view by day are by night the shelter for poor devils who make their rocky beds among the centuries.

It is after midnight that Tirabassi's round begins. At first he bore the whole burden, literally on his own shoulders, and afoot. More than once, as the Man with the Sack, *l'Uomo del Sacco*, carried the heavy load through the empty streets, he was stopped and questioned by the police.

It was not long before he was carrying and refilling three, four, five sacks every night. For years his own modest income from the family acres footed the bill. But gradually, as people

came to hear about him, help trickled in from others—food, clothing, a little money. Then, one by one, the ancient pattern, leader and disciples, wove itself about him. Quietly, friends joined him on his nocturnal errands: a Roman prince, a student, a Neopolitan businessman, a retired admiral. Carrying packs and bundles of their own, they stumbled after him into the night, seeing corners of their capital they never knew existed, and human beings who seemed to be living in a limbo between this world and the next. This secret city, this “other Rome,” stirred them all deeply. It is one thing to be aware of misery in a general, bookish way, but quite another to find a starving, stubble-bearded old man curled up in a cave like a wild animal.

Strange things have happened on these midnight errands. Once, toward dawn, Tirabassi and his friend the admiral found a man lying by the banks of the Tiber. He was on his way, on foot, from Naples to Florence, where he had been promised work. His shoes had gone to pieces, and he was in despair. By luck Tirabassi had with him some shoes of about the right size. But it soon appeared that the wayfarer's socks had disintegrated, too. For once Tirabassi's pack, which is something of a general store, failed him. So he and the admiral took off their shoes, peeled off their own socks, and gave them to the man who was walking the 200 miles to Florence.

The strangest sight of all is perhaps Tirabassi himself, with his businesslike, almost brisk humility, his decisive walk, his remote, absorbed expression, leading the way by flashlight into some hole arched with long, thin bricks untouched since the days of the Caesars. Or helping some vagrant wash himself in a public fountain at sunrise. Or telling the beads of his rosary as he carries his pack through the night.

What impresses his companions most is the uncomplicated, Early Christian spirit in which he goes about his work. Tirabassi despises giving from a mere sense of duty, which, he believes, degrades both him who gives and him who takes. When he gives—it may be only an old shirt, or a half-pound of cheese—it is as if he said: “With all my heart I thank you for the joy the giving brings to me.” And usually, as a sign and seal of the brotherly exchange, when he hands over the package, he bends down and kisses the bleary-eyed old derelict on each scrubby cheek.

One unforgettable night, Tirabassi let me go with him on his tour of mercy. We met long after twelve, when Rome was as empty as a closed museum. Far away, a single impudent scooter kept catching and losing its breath.

First to turn up was the admiral, on a bicycle. With his expression of humble benevolence he might have been the kindly charcoal-burner who rescues children lost in the depths of some ancient fairy tale. Then came Tirabassi—dark, slight, shadowy, with his hat pulled down over deep, restless eyes; a sudden smile, as instantly extinguished; a profile sharpened by leaning into the night winds; the alert, ascetic face of a man both driven and exalted.

They loaded my car with duffel bags, bundles, and an ill-tied parcel, all flapping tatters, from which some large woolen bird seemed wanting to escape. As we started off, Tirabassi crossed himself, quickly, decisively, as a knight might loosen his sword in its scabbard before battle.

We stopped near an ancient time-bleached archway. Low down on one flank of it was a hole, a foot or so high, and two or more wide. Its third dimension was darkness. Tirabassi

walked up to this horizontal pit and probed it with his flashlight.

"*Nonno!*" he called, and again, "*Nonno!*" (which means "Grandpa"). At last, deep within the hole, something stirred, and we heard a noise that was half grunt, half stony echo. Tirabassi reached a parcel into the blackness. A hand—or perhaps it was a paw—must have grasped it, for we heard the crackle of paper, and a wheezy, hardly human croak.

"Good night, *Nonno*," said Tirabassi.

As we drove away he told us the story. "It's an old man of seventy-six. He has lived in that same hole for at least a year. At dawn he wriggles out, feet first, for the hole is too narrow to turn round in, and cooks himself a meal in a tin can slung over a little fire. I could get him into an institution, but he prefers the freedom of this living tomb."

And what does he do all day? "Oh," said Tirabassi, "whatever old men do who have spent thirty years in prison."

The next hours were like a preview of purgatory.

Two gray-faced men in sad-colored rags had made their home in an earthen-walled cellar reached by a shaky ladder. As he gave him his parcel, Tirabassi gently, reverently, kissed the elder one on each cheek. When he left, the old man asked beseechingly to be kissed again, like a child who wants to put off the dreaded moment when he will be left alone in the dark.

Under what used to be a Roman stadium—the Circus Maximus—is a labyrinth of forgotten cellars. From a barely visible hole, at Tirabassi's whispered call, a puffy, suspicious face came up to the surface, like a fish that doesn't trust the air. Not far away, at the end of a vaulted cave on the rim of the Palatine, we found a young man asleep on the rocks beside a dying fire. In the silent heart of the city, down a mean alley,

Tirabassi leaned into a truck and shook someone. It was a man who is allowed, by the owner of the truck, to sleep curled up on the front seat every night, in return for guarding it.

Deep in the polished granite bowels of the great glass cantilevered railway station, we found two men lying hunched up in their frayed overcoats like people caught on a mountain ledge by the coming of night. As Tirabassi poked some money into their pockets, one of them opened his eyes and stared without a word; the other, still half-asleep, stretched up both arms in the automatic gesture of a man who has over and over again been frisked by the police.

We went to many places starred in the guidebooks, where by day the sightseers in their smoked glasses gape and read and take snapshots. Halfway up the Capitoline, where stands Rome's graceful City Hall, Tirabassi climbed over an iron fence to give some socks to his old friend the retired level-crossing guard, whose pension won't stretch far enough to include rent. He is a self-respecting man, so he won't accept any food, but he is grateful for warm clothes now and then. And he says that he is free, happy, and quite comfortable in his cavern with a view, where he has spent every night for the last ten years.

Under the graceful arches of the loggia above the Campidoglio, we came upon a human form stretched out flat as a mummy on the stone floor. It was swathed from head to foot in the kind of waxy white paper florists use for wrapping bouquets. When Tirabassi carefully lifted a corner of the paper, then the blanket underneath, the mummy stirred. Up rose a hand, then a sad, intelligent face with a sleepy smile.

Tirabassi asked a few questions, left some food, and tucked the paper round the mummy again. As we went down the

stately steps, he told us that this was a well-educated man who could not work because he had tuberculosis. Tirabassi hoped soon to find him a hospital bed. "But such things take time," he said. The man's wife had found work at last, and the children were in an institution. But until a week before, all five of them had spent their nights on the cold stone pavement where the father was sleeping now.

From there we drove to the Colosseum. In the moonlight the great pillaged arches, tier upon tier, looked like sockets in a fleshless skull. Surely, I thought, no one could be living here.

But I was wrong. All around the Colosseum, on the ground level, are arched vaults. Some of them lead into the arena; some of them are blocked off. The rest of them make drafty, rocky, cavernous bedrooms, deeply sheltered from wind and rain, protected from prying eyes by the chunks of travertine piled in the entrance.

Tirabassi ducked into one of these vaults, clambered over the boulders, and bent down over something hidden behind the rocks at the back. Then his flashlight threw against the wall a shadow—vague, menacing, giant-size, which might have been a man's arm. We climbed over the boulders after him and saw, curled up among old newspapers, a man with hair as long and tangled as a sheepdog's and a vacant face channeled with lines cut even deeper by the electric torch. Swiftly, ceremonially, Tirabassi leaned down and kissed him on both cheeks. The old man took his parcel—some meat, a warm shirt—with a wavering growl of thanks, while his eyes blinked in the stabbing light.

For an hour we followed Tirabassi around the base of this man-made mountain. Vast vistas of moonlit ruin opened up before us as we walked; from invisible depths and forgotten

cellars came whiffs of cold dead air, heavy with the smell of time.

The emperors and the lions, the Christians and the gladiators, were gone, but the Colosseum was well tenanted.

Yet some of the lodgers were missing. "Luigi!" Tirabassi would call, or "Pasquale!" and flash his light on a huddle of empty rags.

"Perhaps he's been picked up by the police. Let's see if he left a message."

Tirabassi reached up and felt about in a shallow hole in the pockmarked wall. "Nothing," he said, "no message. These people can't write, so they leave stones in a hole. One stone means 'I'm in the hospital'; two, 'I've been arrested.' "

From one vault, as we approached, there came a bark. Tirabassi's flashlight picked out a man nestled in the rocks, clasp ing to him a sort of fox terrier, for companionship and warmth. Farther along we found two old women propped up against the chilly stone like wobbly bags of laundry. Tirabassi gave them some bread, some cheese, a little money. Three doorless "doors" away, sleeping foot to foot under torn sacks, were two men who hated one another yet could not bear to part. Perhaps this mutual hatred kept them warm. "I have to be careful to treat them exactly alike," said Tirabassi, after handing out his packages, "for jealousy can be as sharp as knives."

Roommates such as those last two pairs are rare. Most of Tirabassi's parishioners live apart, like hermits, each one alone in his cave, behind his broken columns, under his bridge; each in his solitary nest of old rags, crushed newspaper, torn horseblanket; each hugging and hiding from all others, from the whole world, the little hoard of objects he can call his own: the precious extra shoe that does not fit,

the cache of bread crusts in a knotted scarf, the knife with one broken blade stropped thin and bright, the three odd buttons and the nine cigarette butts, the battered, beloved tin for cooking over secret fires, the dwindling cake of soap, the toothmarked spoon, the watch that ticks and ticks without telling time because it has no hands. . . .

In the last Colosseum vault we visited, Tirabassi stayed behind and sent the admiral teetering over the rocks with flashlight and parcel. "I don't want to embarrass that man in there—Tomaso," he said with a smile, "by going in myself. Tomaso hates me. He insists that I am very rich, and that I try to help others only so that God will forgive me my sinful wealth."

Toward dawn, when the sacks are empty, and the food and clothes and lire all given away, Tirabassi goes home—to rise, after a few hours' sleep, and get to work again, collecting clothes, wrapping parcels, filling his sacks for the next night's mission into darkness.

There are so many things to be done this day, and every day, before Tirabassi makes the rounds of his secret, silent parish. He must intercede with the police for Antonio; find Giuseppe a job as porter in the market; take Paolo to the hospital; persuade two runaway boys to go back to their village in the eroded hills; arrange with the parish priest for the marriage of a roofless couple who have been living together, on hope, love, and a great deal of fresh air, in a sort of vine-concealed wolf's den in the antique rubble of one of the Seven Hills.

Indeed Tirabassi's cares and struggles never cease. Every year, every month, as more people in need of help are found, more money must be found, too. Last year he and the prince, the admiral, the student, and the businessman from Naples

spent on their friends in the caves and ruins many more hundreds of thousands of lire than they took in.

Since last I saw him, Tirabassi's mission has been made a little easier. The Pope has given him a car, in recognition of his needs and of his devotion, night after night for twelve long years, to the homeless and friendless people of Rome.

Colonel "Debag" Rides Again



WORMWOOD SCRUBS, London's completely serious prison for moderately serious offenders, had never received a non-paying guest quite like the retired Dragoon officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Daniel Wintle, who arrived there on a gray July morning a few years ago. There was serene defiance in his prowlike nose and honorable pride in the monocle clamped to his one good eye. In his buttonhole he wore a red carnation, and round his unrepentant neck the tie (black, gold, and blue, in stripes) of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where he had begun his career.

As Colonel Wintle strode up to the gates to begin a six-month sentence for assault, a cheer was raised by the crowd of friends come to see him off—or rather in. For they knew that the Colonel had merely been trying to right what he considered a grievous wrong. In order to be able to attack a family will, the Colonel, when more conventional means all

failed, had tricked the lawyer who had drawn the will into a meeting, "invited him to remove his trousers," turned him out barebacked into the street, and immediately reported the "debagging" to the police. Only by getting himself into Wormwood Scrubs did Colonel Wintle at last succeed in getting will and lawyer into court. No matter what the outcome, he did not stand to gain a shilling for himself.

This was but the first gambit in a long legal campaign of which Colonel Wintle lost every battle except the last. In that one, totally unassisted by counsel, he argued the case before the United Kingdom's ultimate court of appeal, the House of Lords. Unanimously, the Law Lords found for the Colonel. Only twice before in the ninety years since such records have been kept had a layman won a case he pleaded in person before the Lords. Overnight, this astonishing feat made Colonel Wintle a hero and a symbol. "Colonel 'Debag,' the Never-Say-Die Dragoon, Storms the Lords," cried the headlines. Even the stately *Times* unbent: "Cavalry Officer Jumps Last Fence To Win."

Here was the stuff, Her Majesty's subjects said to one another in club and office, in tram and tube, of which Englishmen are made. Or at any rate ought to be. Here was a cavalry officer, a product of the most conforming, obedient, fusty, spit-and-polish tradition imaginable, who had deliberately asked for a jail sentence in order to call attention to a wrong done to someone else. In an age when the watchword is "adjust, adjust," when rugs are daily woven bigger so that more and more unpleasantness can be brushed under them, here was a sort of gay, monocled St. George who didn't give a damn about anything but getting his dragon.

Who was this weird but also rather wonderful colonel,

anyway? It turned out that there was more to him than people realized.

Alfred Daniel Wintle was born sixty-three years ago, "of rich but honest parents," he insists. Early in his life his father, a diplomat, gave him advice which helped make his military career interesting, if not smooth: "Never be rude to anybody below the rank of full colonel." In the "Kaiser's war," as he calls it, he "lost an eye and a few other bits," mostly off his left hand, but gained the Military Cross with a citation "for marked gallantry and initiative of a very high order." In peacetime he has not let these virtues rust.

Between the wars, Wintle served in India, Ireland, Egypt, and at home—sometimes in Military Intelligence, a task usually performed, he says, "by remaining seated for long periods in the presence of writing materials." As befits a cavalry officer, he kept horses—"always one more than I could afford." While in hospital as a result of being thrown by one of them, he heard that a trumpeter in his regiment's band, a boy of sixteen named Cedric W. Mays, was desperately ill. Major Wintle—as he was then—hobbled to Mays' bedside and said, "Mays, what's the matter with you?" "Please, sir, I'm dying." "Nonsense!" retorted Major Wintle. "It's an offense for a Dragoon to die in bed. You will get better at once. That's an order. And when you are better, get a haircut." Trumpeter Mays recovered ("I had no alternative," he explains), got a haircut, and many years later was Wintle's mainstay throughout the siege that broke the will.

Before Hitler's war Wintle, who spoke French even better than he did German, spent four years in Paris lecturing at the French Staff College. During the dreadful days of June 1940, he was in London, aching to get to France and put into effect the secret plans he had made with various French gen-

erals to save some of their forces from surrender to the Germans. Using a superior officer's name, he ordered a plane made ready to take "a Colonel Wintle" to Bordeaux that night. When the deception was discovered, and the plane canceled, Colonel Wintle confronted the man whose name he had used. "Blood is flowing in France," he said, "while you have seen nothing flow stronger than ink. I am deadly serious. If you don't believe me, perhaps I can convince you by blowing off what remains of my left hand." And he whipped out his revolver.

His next stop was the Tower of London, traditionally reserved for discarded royal wives and other persons accused of high treason. When the Scots Guards officers on duty there found out what he had attempted, his cell became a social center, well stocked with whisky, cigars, and duck in aspic.

After ten days in the Tower, Colonel Wintle was tried by court-martial. The first of the charges against him, "stating that certain of His Majesty's ministers ought to be shot," was hastily dropped after Wintle began calling the roll of his candidates. He was let off with a severe reprimand.

Some months later, he was on his way from Syria to Marseilles, disguised as a French schoolteacher, with a revolver and a bag of gold sovereigns. But treachery tripped him up, and he passed the next thirteen months in the damp solitude of Fort Sainte-Catherine, a Vichy military prison near Toulon. The first time he escaped, he was caught. Every day he expected to be taken out and shot. There were moments, he says now, when the notion of suicide crossed his mind. "But then your spirit flies off and sits on some sort of cloud, from where it is able to observe what would really happen in such a place as the Cavalry Club, if someone said, 'I hear that

Wintle has shot himself.' There would be a pause, and then someone else would say, 'Pass the mustard, please.' "

Shortly before his final escape from Fort Sainte-Catherine (accomplished by sawing through a bar and jumping into a passing cart), Colonel Wintle went on a two weeks' hunger strike—because he was unutterably bored, because he felt that such unshaven, filthy guards were unworthy of custody over a British officer, but chiefly "to challenge their manhood" and make them ashamed of serving Vichy. Long after the war was over, it was found that this half-starved, intransigent prisoner had infected many of the guards with the spirit of the Resistance. Shortly after the Colonel's escape, the commandant of the prison, Maurice Molia, inspired by his dauntless example, had taken off with 280 men to fight the Germans.

When the war was over, Colonel Wintle was retired, with 100-per-cent disability. The monocle, the red carnation, the silver snuffbox full of Golden Cardinal, the withering comments aimed almost exclusively at his superiors, deceived strangers into thinking that he was a sort of bantamweight Colonel Blimp, untypical in build and vocabulary, but "pukka" nevertheless. In truth, Colonel Wintle was too much of a wasp to be a Blimp—a strangely public-spirited wasp, with a sharp sting and a highly personal sense of humor. Besides, he had gifts rare in the regular cavalry. In the doldrum period between the war and the will, the Colonel wrote verse, novels, and stories, some of them embellished with his own charming illustrations; he started a publishing house; now and then, for friends, he would thump out the Schubert Serenade with his quorum of fingers. But he was restless in his retirement.

One day in the personal columns of *The Times* appeared

this advertisement: "Ex-cavalry officer wishes to purchase wardrobe of out-of-work piano tuner with view to getting position of responsibility with well-known international organization. . . ."

It was Wintle. He had applied for a post with NATO, but had been told—unofficially—that his general appearance was against him. "I had been too well dressed for the job."

The task that was to absorb him for ten years and make his monocle flash in the sight of millions came from a quite unexpected quarter. Colonel Wintle had an elderly second cousin, a maiden lady christened Kathleen Helen Wells, called "Kitty" by her relatives, and in time also called "Kitty" by such of the legal wigs, bigwigs, and periwigs who did not refer to her as "the testatrix." Kitty owned real estate from which she derived a considerable income. Colonel Wintle describes her as a "dear old soul," but she had ways which were, to say the least, unusual. She divided her time between two houses, and no matter which one she was in, she wrote, every day, a letter addressed to herself at the other. She would enclose tram tickets, or timetables, or long, pointless passages copied out of books. She never destroyed these letters; when they filled one shopping bag she would shove it under her bed and start filling another. She had no conversation; her mind was inert, empty; yet legally she was not "insane."

Over many years Kitty had relied for affection and companionship on Colonel Wintle's sister Marjorie, to whom Kitty, in a will drafted before the war, had bequeathed an annuity of £260. But a new will revealed after Kitty's death reduced Marjorie Wintle's annuity to a paltry £40, and left to Frederick Harry Nye, the lawyer who had been managing Kitty's affairs and who had helped her draw up the new will, the residue of her estate, worth—even after the payment of

death duties—an estimated £65,000. Somewhat odd, to say the least, but as nothing downright illegal seemed to have occurred, and as dotty old ladies have the right to make dotty testaments, Kitty's last will was probated.

Colonel Wintle was outraged by what he considered the injustice done his sister. But if Kitty's will could be upset, it would be as if she had made no will at all, and according to law her property would then have to be divided among her statutory next-of-kin, a vast cohort of first cousins who had meant as little to her as she had to them.

As Colonel Wintle and his sister were only second cousins, neither of them had the legal right to attack the will. And such of the nearer cousins as he could reach showed no interest in doing so. For months the frustrated Colonel wrote letters to Nye, consulted one lawyer after another, went to the police, the Solicitor General—to everyone he could think of. "And everyone," says Wintle, "agreed that something should be done—but not by *him*."

How could the lawyer be got into court? "I decided," says the Colonel, "to throw a spanner into the works."

And so, one April afternoon, a trembling, aged lawyer posed trouserless for two shots from the Colonel's camera: one front, one rear. Not many weeks afterward, the Colonel was in Wormwood Scrubs, but the loud bang of the "debagging" had flushed a covey of Kitty's first cousins. One of them, when in due course the Colonel emerged from the Scrubs, assigned to Wintle his interest in Kitty's estate. The assignment was nominal: victory would not enrich Wintle by a penny. But it made legal action on his part possible at last, and the Colonel leaped into the saddle.

With numerous outriders in the shape of solicitors and barristers, Wintle began his steeplechase. They all spilled at

the first ditch, the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice. Kitty, Wintle's counsel contended, had not understood the will she was remaking, and could not have been aware of the amount it would eventually put into her lawyer's pocket. The trial, before judge and jury, lasted almost a week. The Colonel, unnaturally silent except as an occasional witness, was defeated; the will was to stand as rewritten.

He was unperturbed. "If a cavalry soldier falls off on his backside," he remarked, "he remounts and goes on again."

Five months later the Colonel was once more in the saddle, this time unsupported by counsel, and quite alone except for the help of Cedric Mays, the former trumpeter he had ordered not to die. Mays, now a civil servant with a university degree, had no legal training either, but his loyalty and good head were invaluable. Together they planned how best to clear the next ditch—the Court of Appeal. For four days the Colonel argued his case, a difficult one for an accomplished barrister, let alone a layman, as it revolved about this subtle and intangible point: had the learned judge, in his summing up, misdirected the jury? Yes, said Colonel Wintle. One of the three bewigged and black-robed Lord Justices, in an opinion of luminous lucidity, agreed. But the other two said no, so Kitty's will stood, and the Colonel was unhorsed again.

"Let's go and have a drink," said Mays dejectedly, as they left the Court. "No," replied the Colonel, "we'll go down to the Embankment and spit in the Thames for luck." Which they did.

Because the verdict was not unanimous, Wintle was granted permission to reappeal the case to the highest court of all, the House of Lords. Once again he resolved to plead in person, without benefit of counsel. "Alone with my back to the

wall," he says, "I felt more comfortable, even though I knew nothing of the law, which is almost as reprehensible a study as that of economics." For the better part of a year, he and Mays met regularly to prepare to face the Lords. Between them they made 42 copies of a 253-page compendium of previous testimony and opinions.

At last came the days of final truth and judgment, before the Law Lords in their House's Committee Room Number One, a high-ceilinged, long-windowed chamber. The five Law Lords sit at a huge horseshoe-shaped table, beneath a handsome but somewhat irrelevant tapestry. At each judge's elbow stands an ammunition box loaded with morocco-bound precedents. In front of them stretches a fortification of carved oak for the protection of counsel.

This most august of English tribunals is outwardly one of the least formal. There is no royal coat of arms, splendid with Lion and Unicorn, above the bench. While the contending counsel wear wigs respectfully longer than they do in lesser courts, the learned Lord Justices wear neither wigs nor gowns.

A layman pleading his own case before such a court must feel like a Dragoon charging a battalion of tanks. But Colonel Wintle, besides complete conviction and unlimited nerve, displayed a tenacious, logical, well-organized mind. And next him, passing up scribbled notes of guidance from time to time, sat Mays. In their view, the heart of the case was as before: the judge had misdirected the jury. But in law things are seldom allowed to seem as simple as we poor laymen all know they really are. First principles must fight for their lives against precedents, which the Colonel's opponents provided in profusion. Our lone horseman had to charge, jump, and clear, one after another, such fences, gates, and ditches

as *Bray v. Ford*, *Davy v. Garrett*, *Low v. Guthrie*, *Riding v. Hawkins*, *Paske v. Ollat*, and *Clearson v. Teague*.

In his pleading and rebuttal, Colonel Wintle showed a quick wit, a remarkable memory, an unflagging grasp of essentials, and a Dragoon's sense of style and decorum. He had many harsh things to say to his opponents, and about their client, but to their lordships his bearing and language were elegantly deferential. "I invite your lordships to consider. . . . I beg your lordships' leave to destroy two legends fostered by the opposition. . . . Would it be too ambitious of me, my Lord, to submit that Kitty didn't understand what no one else had understood?"

As he addressed them, he stood at ramrod-stiff attention. He was a mere layman, but instead of a gown he had his monocle; in place of a wig his red carnation. It was all rather strange, but at the same time somehow momentous, and the solemn hourly bull-tongued bongos from Big Ben across the way made it even more so.

At the end, when Viscount Simonds gave a decision in favor of Colonel Wintle, Lord Reid, Lord Tucker, Lord Keith of Avonholm, and Lord Birkett concurred. The jury has been misdirected; Wintle's side of the matter had not been given fair weight; that part of Kitty's will which made her lawyer the residuary legatee should be set aside. Colonel Wintle's ten years' war was won.

Throughout the United Kingdom, he was instantly famous as one of the most notable amateurs in all legal history, as a "parfit" though far from gentle knight, as the defender not only of Miss Kitty but of tens of thousands of Miss Kittys yet unborn. At their annual banquet, attended by Princess Margaret, the barristers of Lincoln's Inn drank a toast in his honor and sent him a jeroboam of champagne. "I can make

it into a beautiful lamp," said Mays. "Patience, Mays," countered the Colonel. "Let us first proceed to the more difficult task of emptying the bottle."

Somewhat later, I had the pleasure and the signal honor (his manner of speech is a bit catching) of hearing about these matters from Colonel Wintle in person. Together we visited the scenes of his triumph as well as those of his defeat. Standing discreetly at the back of the Court of Appeal, the Colonel bowed ceremoniously to one of the Lord Justices who had found against him, and My Lord and his wig bowed as ceremoniously back. Then we went to his snuff dealer's, where the Colonel filled his silver box with Golden Cardinal. And from there to a wine pub on the Strand, where I drank Manzanilla and the Colonel pink gin. His reminiscent mood was over; the glass of his monocle reflected the glory of things yet to be. For the world bristles with pomposities, injustices, hypocrisies, waiting to be removed. Colonel Wintle will look for them and find them, just as surely as some trim wasp, gay in its regimental stripes, will find the slugs and worms hiding on the underside of a leaf.

"In writing about me," he said, "be sparing of the past tense. Much remains to be done."

The "Black Cat" Saves a Life



IF THE TICKET STUBS of the Black Cat moving-picture theater in Stockholm had been white—or gray or green or blue or any color less visible than red—a brave and durable young Swede named Evert Stenmark would no longer be alive to tell of the eight days and nights he lay buried under an avalanche.

Evert Stenmark doesn't look the part. He is slender, small-boned, almost fragile. With his upward-curving nose and pensive, sculptured face, he might be some medieval artist's conception of a very young David awed by victory over Goliath.

Evert's frosty dragon almost killed him. Evert walks upstairs with an almost stately deliberation, like most Swedes. But when he descends he puts his heels down first, because the surgeons had to amputate all the toes of one foot and everything but the heel of the other.

With his younger brother Kjell, his sister Elna, and his

widowed mother, Evert worked a small farm in the mountains up under the Arctic Circle, close to the Norwegian border. In winter, he added to the farm's lean income by snaring ptarmigan, a delicious, snow-white, grouselike bird which feeds on the dwarf birches of the solitary slopes. In a good season, Evert's wire snares would catch 300 or 400 birds, which he sold for about 60 cents apiece.

One Friday morning in January, Evert left home with provisions for two weeks, and skied 20 miles across the silent hills to spend the night in a primitive birch-and-turf hut, which often stood empty for many days at a time.

Saturday morning, after a good breakfast, Evert left the hut as soon as it was light, skis on his feet, rucksack on his back. The sky was cloudless, but it was cold—about 18 degrees above zero. He could hear the ptarmigan chattering among the little birches which dotted the steep slope. In the first seven of the snares he had set the week before, he found four birds, killed instantly by the fine brass wire loop drawn tight about their necks.

Suddenly, as he was putting the fourth ptarmigan into his rucksack, there was snow up to his knees, and he was gently gliding with it down the hill. He heard a rumbling like vague thunder. The snow carried him along, twisted him under, covered him with a weight of darkness. Then all was still.

He tried to move—impossible. Even breathing was difficult. He was lying face downward, and with his chin he managed to dig away enough snow to be able to turn his head a little. As the oxygen in his prison was used up, his breath came in shorter and shorter gasps. The end seemed near. He wondered, with an odd detachment, what it would be like. Then he fainted.

When he came to, six or seven hours later, Evert's first feeling was a sharp pang of joy. He prayed, and thanked God for letting him live. Then he took stock of his situation.

His breathing had thawed a hollow in the snow before his mouth. His legs, spread wide apart, were wedged tight by the packed snow, and the right ski was awkwardly twisted up under the left leg. His right arm was also wedged tight, pointing upward, as if trying to signal Heaven.

Wrenching and pulling only got him out of breath. Above all, he told himself, he must not panic; he must think; he must be a miser of his pinioned strength. Planning each small movement, pausing often to rest and plan again, he slowly, slowly, like a mole burrowing under a lawn, tunneled up toward his right hand with his left, picked off a cuff-like manacle of ice, and drew it free at last.

Now he could channel under his stomach, pull up his jacket, and retrieve the knife clipped to his belt. Just above him the snow seemed softer; with hands and knife he punched and scraped into it until—he could hardly believe it—the blackness of his cave was lit by a dim blue glow. So the surface might not be too far beyond his reach.

He even thought that he could hear the wind. It would be a cold wind—at least he was spared that.

I could be worse off, Evert said to himself. For one thing, he was warmly dressed. Suppose he had gone out that morning without windbreaker or sweater. . . . Besides these and the sleeveless waistcoat, and the heavy flannel shirt, and the army trousers, and the two pairs of underpants—one of them knitted by his mother with wool from their own sheep—he had placed, between his double pair of socks and his knee-high boots, the long dried fibers of swamp reed used by the Lapps.

This "shoe hay" was good: it kept Evert's feet warm, and he might have lost a greater part of them without it. But it was also bad: by insulating his legs it prevented their warmth from melting the hard-packed snow which held them fast.

In his hip pocket, though of course it meant nothing to him at that moment, was his wallet. And in the wallet—precious souvenirs of journeys and pleasures he could enjoy so seldom—were the stubs of all the moving pictures he had ever seen in his young life. Among them were the red stubs of the Black Cat theater in Stockholm.

As the long northern night closed in, the blue glow in his cavern faded to black again. Evert turned the flaps of his cap down over his ears, pulled the hood of his ski jacket up over his head, and laid his face on his mittened hands.

That first night he slept fitfully. When he awoke, the heat of his body had thawed the snow, so that he lay in a cave about 4 feet long by $2\frac{1}{2}$ wide. His chest, stomach, and elbows were sopping wet; his teeth clattered with the cold. And something hard and sharp was hurting his left knee.

Caught in the snowy roof above him was his rucksack, with the four dead birds in it. Inch by inch he pried it loose, unfastened the frame, and took out the birds. One ptarmigan he stuffed between his knee and the hard object, the other three he put into a sort of larder he had cut out of the wall of snow.

All this took over an hour, but it was worth while, for when he poked head and shoulders into the snug darkness of the rucksack, he stopped shivering.

He lay there dozing, and from time to time ate a little snow. From his many winters of hunting, Evert knew that the ice water was harmless if he held it in his mouth long enough to warm it before swallowing.

That afternoon Evert went to work on his numb, immobile legs. His feet were held fast by the ski bindings; he could not move his toes at all. He tried slicing away the snow with his knife, but could reach no farther than just below the knees.

All the snow he removed had to be packed away somewhere. Soon it was difficult to find a place for it.

After four hours of work he could move his thighs slightly, but his feet remained wedged in as firmly as before. He put his head back into the rucksack to think things over.

The nearest help was 12 miles away, in a log cabin where two trapper friends of his should be staying. He had told them that he'd meet them there Sunday evening. So they'd be expecting him any minute now. When he didn't show up, surely they'd start wondering.

If they wondered hard enough, on Monday—that would be tomorrow—perhaps one of the trappers would ski up to the birch hut, and find Evert's ax and rifle. Perhaps he would see the ski tracks that ended in a recent avalanche. Perhaps he would call out, and perhaps Evert would hear him and be heard in turn.

Perhaps, perhaps . . . If all went well, this coming night, Sunday night, would be his last under the snow.

Now, for the first time, Evert felt hungry. Trying not to think of it served steaming on a plate with cranberry sauce and gravy, he carved off the leg of one of the frozen ptarmigan in the "larder" and ate it raw. It tasted just about as it looked—dark brown with flecks of blood. But he gnawed the drumstick clean.

That second night, with his head in the rucksack, he slept much better. But he had a disturbing dream—one of those strange, cruel dreams in which the dreamer is split into two

separate people. He was out in the bare hills with some friends, searching for a lost trapper. Evert alone knew where the trapper lay, and pointed out the spot, but the others wouldn't listen. Which was agony, because the man they were all looking for was himself.

On the morning of Monday, the third day, Evert's fingers were so stiff and swollen that he could hardly wind his watch. The cave was again a little larger. His body had thawed the snow on the floor down to a squelch of moss, earth and brushwood. After a breakfast of raw ptarmigan, and leaves—which tasted sharp and clean—he once again attacked the snow packed around his legs.

But when he tried to bend back, the roof got in his way. With his knife he could reach no farther than the top of his boots. For the first time it occurred to him that he would never be able to get out by himself.

Fear circled him like some dark bird, without alighting. He remembered—and at once wished he had not—that cousin of his father's who also had been buried by an avalanche while hunting alone. Not for two months was his body found, so pitifully wasted away to skin and bones that it was clear he must have lived, and, like Evert, worked and fought and thought and hoped and prayed, a long, long time.

Evert gave up trying to free his legs and turned his attention to the roof. That small black spot—he hadn't noticed it before. It seemed to be the tip of a birch twig. He tugged, and there unraveled from the snow the top of a small tree, like him swept away by the avalanche. With his knife he trimmed it to a stick over two feet long and as thick as a finger.

A stick? No—a rare and precious find, a treasure, a palm

tree in the desert, a brave staff for the anguished soul to lean upon.

With this stick he began to poke carefull^y into the deepest of the holes he had tunneled above his head. Carefully, slowly, delicately, for if this stick should break . . .

Suddenly the snow gave way. The stick went through the crust into the outer air, which rushed cold and sharp into the cave. And through the hole, while joy whipped his heart to a gallop, Evert saw a small round marvel of blue sky, and some birch twigs swaying in the wind.

Now he knew that there were only three or four feet between him and his own life.

He pulled in the stick, the magic wand, the staff of hope. That was it: a flagstaff. From his wallet Evert took the small wad of ticket stubs. Those red ones . . .

With one of his wire snares he lashed the Black Cat's blood-red stubs to the stick and pushed it through the sky-blue hole. Now, when they came, they could not help seeing where he was. *If* they came.

The effort had tired him, and he was shivering. By way of distraction, he took from his pockets all his small possessions and arranged them.

The scarf under one chafing knee, the first-aid bandage under the other, the newspaper under his stomach, the wet mittens under his hip, the dry gloves in the rucksack.

In a cupboard carved from the snow, he put pliers, ski wax, darning needle, thread, table knife, candle ends, methylated spirit tablets, a box of matches. And fifteen crowns.

Apart from these lowly objects, on a special shelf for official documents he laid his license to use that small birch hut which was only 300 yards away but might as well have been as many miles.

After dinner—a few bites of ptarmigan just to keep his strength up—he prayed God to let his mother know what had befallen him. Then he put his head once more into the warmth of the rucksack and went to sleep.

Tuesday was rather humdrum. There was not much left that he could do, and even less strength to do it with. He peeled the bark off some twigs. He saw his knees for the first time in four days. The hard object under the left one turned out to be the point of the right ski. He tried to eat some more ptarmigan, but it was flabby and unappetizing.

Evert's body had sunk deeper into the melting snow, and the stick, the flagpole with its red-paper cries for help, was out of reach. If it should fall down, he would be unable to poke it high above the surface again.

With nothing else to do, he began to chew the tasteless cud of worry. Worry, in particular, about the unfinished cow barn. He had talked his mother and Kjell into applying for a government subsidy. The timber had been felled, the bricks bought, the foundations laid. It all had to be finished by summer, or they wouldn't get the full subsidy. But here he was, Evert, who would have to do most of the work, lying useless under the snow. . . .

He had resolved not to light any of the spirit tablets until he was near despair. That moment seemed almost to have come, so he took out tablets, candle ends, and matches. But the first match was too damp. And the second. And a dozen more. Only one of them flared up to light the cave for a few seconds before it hissed out. He tried to dry the remaining matches by sticking them, tips first, into his ear.

The next day—the fifth of his imprisonment—Evert dried his fingertips on his hair and tried to light the matches that

were left. One after another, the red tips of the ever-so-much-too-safe matches of Sweden fell off into the slush.

Then he went through all the papers in his wallet, reading them slowly. But some of them were bills from restaurants in towns nearby which only made him hungry. He ate some more raw ptarmigan and for a long while lay thinking of his favorite dish—macaroni and bacon.

His wrist watch had become a friend. Its ticking seemed like the heartbeat of a living thing.

Before dawn he woke to see, through the hole in the roof, the cold fire of two steady, unblinking stars. That meant fine weather. Surely they would come that day and find him.

But that day, and the next two, time crumbled. The boundaries between night and day, between one day and another, melted away. Evert remembers trying to eat ski wax because the ptarmigan had begun to smell. He remembers that his fingers were so stiff that he had to wind his watch with his teeth. He remembers that he heard someone call, and that he called back three times, and how, when no one came, he ate snow and chewed birch twigs to still the rising panic which he knew would spell his end.

All Friday and Saturday he swung from stupor to waking nightmare back to unconsciousness again. It took him hours just to decide to pull his head and hands out of the rucksack, and hours more to do it. Nothing seemed to matter any more. He lay on an ever-narrowing ledge of life, over the final precipice.

On Friday, when Evert had been buried almost a week, some of his friends skied up to the birch hut, found the gun, the ax, the sled standing against the wall. Snow had oblit-

erated the ski tracks going away from the hut. They saw the tumbled remains of an avalanche, but it didn't seem big enough to have covered a man. So they didn't even go up to it. After calling several times, they went back to report.

Soon patrols were out over the countryside. The police summoned a helicopter. All Saturday the teams divided and searched, came together again and shook their heads. On Sunday morning Evert's brother Kjell led a small party up to the birch hut. He followed the line of the snares, with the telltale ptarmigan in them, dead and covered with snow.

At the seventh snare Kjell sat down to have a smoke and wait for the others. Not far away something was sticking up from the snow. It was probably only a certain mountain plant that turns reddish when it withers and dies, but he got up to have a closer look.

There, wired to the stick, were the ticket stubs from the Black Cat theater.

The rest was frantic hands and shovels, blankets, hot soup, the warm hut, the pulling off of boots, the rejoicing, saddened by the question: would they be able to save his feet?

Then months of hospital, of patience, of anesthetics and skin grafts, of lying long in bed with his left leg sewn to his right thigh.

Evert Stenmark can walk now, upright, proudly, but a little slowly. He can work on the farm where there are now a new tractor and gleaming machinery, and a splendid, freshly painted cow barn, built with money from magazine and newspaper articles, from the book he told to Gösta Ollen, from gifts sent by people all over Sweden.

But he cannot walk far, or lift heavy things, or stand for long, or ski. Which means that he will never again go hunting the feather-legged ptarmigan in the crystal silences of winter.

Algerian Terror in Paris Streets



IT'S SUCH A PARTICULARLY PEACEFUL, pleasant walk that it's marked in red on a map of the Michelin Guide to Paris.

You can start the walk at a sidewalk café opposite the bleached and noble stones of St-Germain-des-Prés, and end it ten minutes later by the towers of St-Sulpice. From church to church through a friendly Parisian street, the rue Mabilon, with its small shops for the good things of life. At No. 10, beside the wine merchant, is a hotel so mousy that it has no name. Just a faded sign: "Maison de Famille."

This family hotel doesn't charge much, or it wouldn't be so full of rather swarthy men wearing skull-fitting berets. They aren't interested in architectural treasures, or in the shops that sell religious articles round St-Sulpice. They are Moslems, and they have left their hungry, sun-drowned villages in Algeria to find work in France, to live here as cheaply

as possible, and to send as much of their wages as they can back home.

Shortly after ten o'clock one night not long ago, a half-dozen men took the walk marked in red in the guidebook, entered the *Maison de Famille*, went silently upstairs, shepherded the five occupants of rooms 2 and 9 down to the empty dining room, lined them up, shot them all through the head, and went out quietly again toward the Square of St-Sulpice, where images of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saints stand motionless behind plate-glass windows.

This was just one skirmish in the war within a war which Algerians have been fighting against one another in France, while their countrymen have been fighting Frenchmen in Algeria. A singularly savage war against thousands of poor devils who ask only to be allowed to go on working. A war which has killed more than 75 French policemen and bystanders, women and children included, and more than 2700 Algerians, a good third of them in the City of Light.

Just across the river from Notre-Dame, thugs from one Algerian faction blasted a quay-side café, killing two members of the other faction. A Moslem police inspector, Cherif El Ouaer, transferred from Algeria where the rebels kept threatening him with death for serving in the "enemy" ranks, was tracked by rebel agents for eighteen months, and at last shot down, in broad daylight, just about where the passengers on the boat trains of the great transatlantic liners emerge from the Gare St-Lazare.

Yet Paris after dark is safer than most large American cities—unless you are an Algerian, and belong to the wrong organization, or have not paid your "liberation tax," or have collaborated with the enemy, or disobeyed the Koran.

In Algeria the political independence movement and the

guerrilla war against the French are in the hands of the FLN—the National Liberation Front. But in France itself sits the aging chieftain Messali Hadj, head of the older, and at one time more moderate, Algerian National Movement—the MNA. In France his followers have been welded together, not by ideology, but by the stronger bonds of clan, blood, and hatred.

The Algerians, like many other Mediterranean and Arab peoples, seem to have a tradition and taste for violence. They live close to the knife; for them death is not only dreadful but exciting. And death to one's enemies has its conventions, even the grim burlesque of legality.

Boudjema Mezar, a young fellow working in Nancy, came to Paris on a visit. He had presumably been paying dues to the MNA. In the suburb of St-Denis (where the kings of France lie buried), he went to the hostel for North Africans, hoping to find his brother-in-law. He seems not to have known that every man jack of the three hundred Algerians quartered there had been signed up by the FLN. At the entrance he was stopped by three men, forced down to a cellar, where they took away his papers, his clothes, his money; bound his hands; and kept him sitting on a stool for twenty-four hours without food while he was questioned. In another room, decorated with portraits of Nasser, a "tribunal" of fifteen men accused him of being a spy for the MNA and condemned him to death. Then he was escorted to a waiting car and would soon have begun his last ride but for the lucky accident of a suspicious police patrol. There was a fusillade; the three policemen were wounded; Mezar jumped out; his would-be executioners fled. All three hundred of the hostel's inmates were bundled off to the police station, where Mezar identified five of his interrogators. That courageous act of

course doubled the price on his head. He remained under police protection until a new name, new papers, and a new job were found for him in a distant place.

There are in Paris some sixteen hundred cafés owned by Algerians. Some of them are fronts for one or the other rebel movement; all of them sooner or later acquire a degree of political color or affiliation.

At number 17 rue Gabriel Péri in the Paris suburb of Asnières, Abdel Kader Ali, an FLN man, quietly took over a café from partisans of the MNA. As news of the change of allegiance was not broadcast, for several months the café was a superb trap. Former patrons who were members of the MNA would innocently drop in, only to be captured and locked in the cellar until Sunday. On Sunday, court was held, and the "judges" of the local FLN committee tried and sentenced the unlucky MNA captives, usually to pay a fine, but sometimes to death. The story goes that when there was a dearth of prisoners for these Sunday trials, one of the judges, Saïd Assaf, would take the committee's car and drive around picking suitable Moslem suspects off the sidewalks at random.

One night last winter three men, one of them masked, burst into the café of the Hotel de l'Arrivée at Drancy, and sprayed the customers with revolvers and a machine gun. Of the FLN victims, eight were wounded and seven killed. It was a small café with freshly painted vermilion shutters and cream-white walls, scarcely a mile from Le Bourget, where many American jet passengers embark and disembark.

In the single Paris suburb of Levallois there have been eighty-one of these factional shootings since the beginning of the rebellion six years ago—twelve of them in the same café.

Except perhaps in the gray industrial North, the MNA

has been losing ground. But even if it should be destroyed by the FLN, the war within a war would not cease. In France, this death must go on, to prevent death in North Africa from dying. The great majority of the violent ends of Algerians in France have necessities, motives, which will continue even when the FLN has the field all to itself, because some seven million dollars, a sizable fraction of the rebellion's war chest, is forcibly milked from the earnings of Algerians in France. French authorities believe that at least half of the 320,000 Algerians working in France pay regular tribute to the FLN, and some tens of thousands of others to the MNA—or to both organizations.

Under what duress tribute is levied, the newspapers tell the Algerians almost every day. Most of the executions follow a monstrous pattern, like some hideous wallpaper endlessly repeating a design of skulls and bloody hands. Mohamed ben Shile: throat cut by a fellow Moslem in a Place Pigalle café. Abdel Kader Turki and Brahim Safi: shot to death in a bistro in Versailles. Benamar Driouche: shot to death as he went to work. Saïd Bournel: shot to death as he was waiting for a bus. Mohamed Bellout: killed for refusing to pay \$10 to the rebel organization FLN. Mohamed Hasnanoui: found dead with a slip of paper in his pocket, "All traitors to the FLN will suffer the same fate." Haman Lackar: found shot dead on a Paris boulevard bench. Unknown Algerian: found buried in a sand pit. Unknown North African: found knifed to death in bed. Unidentified Moslem: found dead under a bridge. A bundle that had once been a man floating in a canal. Nameless corpses without shoes or papers lying among the broken bricks of vacant lots, killed by knives, by hatchets, by 30-caliber bullets; by human hands, by silken scarves.

"There is something almost ritualistic," said one French

official to me, "about the frequency with which victims have had their throats cut"—or been garroted.

In Lyons, earlier this year, a gang of four killers, headed by the "shock-group chief" Bougandoura, were condemned to death for having strangled ten of their compatriots with a fine rope and thrown the bodies into the river Rhone.

Only a small fraction of the 2700 violent deaths of Algerians in France were the result of ordinary crime or of the settling of personal and tribal scores. The overwhelming majority of these corpses were political: men who refused to pay 1600 francs a month to help buy arms for the rebels in Algeria; or men who would not pay the fines imposed for various offenses—for smoking or drinking in defiance of the Koran, for eating before sunset during the holy month of Ramadan, for reading forbidden French newspapers. A Moslem Algerian in the French military or civil service knows that he is in danger; one who informs, or lets himself be even suspected of being in contact with the police, has written his own death warrant.

And then there are the men under a cloud, or a sentence of suspended death by one of the "tribunals," the men who are given one last chance to clear themselves by executing the sentence of death already passed upon some other delinquent.

Since 1947, the Moslem Algerians have been free to emigrate to France. By hundreds every week they disembark at Marseilles, where one can see them in the railroad station, often in turbans and wool cloaks, sitting on cheap, quaint suitcases, waiting for the trains that will distribute this fresh young manpower to a France that needs it. They are untrained, usually unlettered, but they are strong, patient, willing, and in time many of those who choose to remain in

France will become skilled. Most of them go home after two or three years, to be replaced in France by a brother, an uncle, a cousin—another pair of hands and arms from the same family, the same *douar* or village.

In Algeria families are large and tribal, and the *douar* is a family in itself. When he leaves the *douar* the emigrant usually knows just where he is going—to friends and relatives already established in France; to a replica, as to people and customs, of his own village, tucked away in a working-class quarter of Lyons, St-Etienne, Paris. Here Sidi Ahmed will find, as he expected, a cousin by marriage twice removed, who will help him get a job in the Renault automobile factory.

The family Sidi Ahmed left behind in Algeria does well to take in \$200 to \$250 a year. If he keeps his job, he can earn that much in three months. And if he lives frugally, he will send half or more of it back to Algeria.

If he lives frugally—as most of them do, which usually means quarters of indescribable squalor and promiscuity, without decent plumbing, with beds often occupied in shifts. The French wage earner is shockingly badly housed, but what the Algerians put up with shocks even him. Government and private industry have tried to build some housing; warehouses, abandoned factories, old barracks have been turned into vast draughty dormitories, but most of the Moslems in France live three, four, five to a room in hundreds of small, fetid, leprous hotels or boarding houses.

But even these hotels are the Ritz compared with the unspeakable oilcan-hutment towns, those warrens of degradation, those alleys of packing boxes paved with dung and orange peel, the *bidonvilles* for North Africans to be found on the fringe of many of France's large industrial cities. I

was shown through the one in Lyons by Inspector Pernot, a friendly and fearless man, but in some *bidonvilles* (possibly that of Argenteuil, where three policemen were wounded in a well-planned ambush) the police would not have risked a casual visit, much less a foreign visitor.

Pathetic, touching fact: in nearly every hut in the *bidonville*, in nearly every room in the dingiest hotel, there hung in plastic bags, carefully shielded from dirt and dust, the impeccable suits of clothes for Sunday.

There are more than 100,000 Moslem Algerians in greater Paris, some quarters of which have so many that they have come to be called "Medinas," or native cities. One of these Medinas, for a long time shunned by solitary policemen, and most civilians, is called the Goutte-d'Or, after one of its most characteristic streets. If you stand at the top of Montmartre, among the crowds of tourists looking at the vast panorama of Paris from the steps of the Sacré Coeur, the Goutte-d'Or is less than five minutes' walk downhill to the east.

Here live several thousand Algerians, grouped according to the district of their origin. On week-ends the population triples, for here is where Algerians from other parts of Paris stream in to drink coffee, to shop, to gossip, and to enjoy themselves. Here they can have their choice of some 300 prostitutes. And here of course swarm the collectors for both FLN and MNA, with a special eye to the Moslem café owners and shopkeepers, who may have to fork over as much as \$125 a month, plus heavy fines if they are so rash as to flout the Koran by allowing beer drinking or domino playing on their premises.

It was in this Medina, in an FLN restaurant called Chez Totor, at 23 rue de la Charbonnière, that were found documents which led to the arrest of Abdel Kader Houlamou,

whose task it was to keep several pistols and submachine guns oiled, loaded, and ready to be issued to the appointed killers.

The terrorist organization in France is in the best traditions of conspiracy: a hierarchy of small units in each of which only one man knows only one other man in the unit just above; a broad-based pyramid of command from the "cell" of four through group, section, *kasma*, sector, region, and *willaya* to the utterly secret Federal Bureau for France with mobile headquarters somewhere in Paris.

About one out of every ten of the Moslem Algerians in France is a militant organization man, under whose threats the other nine pay unwilling tribute.

For every sector, there is a mobile "shock group" of musclemen and killers, a few of whom are professionals. The chief of one killer commando, Mohand Imerzeg, confessed that the FLN paid him \$140 a month, plus bonuses for difficult jobs—or important victims.

Other unpleasant people on the margin of the terrorist organization chart are the men assigned to making bombs with stolen dynamite; the passers who smuggle Moslem Algerians wanted by the police across the Italian border for \$30 a head; the human instruments of the terrorists' long memory, who track "disloyal" men to the jobs far away in the mountains where they thought they would be safe.

The Mediterranean is wide, but the arm of terrorist "justice" stretches even farther. Ammar Cherif, a former noncom in the French army and a former alderman of the Algerian city of Mostaganem, therefore doubly a "traitor," went to France because of the FLN's threat to kill him. But they caught up with him, and a year ago he was shot to death in Grenoble. Hamid Bachir, a boy of eighteen, at his trial con-

fessed that the FLN had ordered him to kill this man for them if he didn't want to be killed himself.

And then there are the spotters who meet the trains and quiz the newcomers; the greeters at the shelters and hostels who want to know where Belaïd Ben Adi comes from and who his relatives are, and what may be his political affiliations.

The French police have been as baffled by these crimes as the French army has been frustrated by the guerrilla war in Algeria. Over and over again the Paris press has reported "a vast police operation" resulting in sixty, seventy, eighty arrests, and the "dismantling" of an entire FLN network. Yet the killings continue.

The French have been up against a racial solidarity, a fanaticism, a degree of incorruptibility which doesn't exist in the normal underworld. Among these alien people with the closed faces and the secret thoughts, the authorities' usual ally, the informer, is almost nonexistent. Moslem witnesses of shootings have such a poor memory for Moslem faces that it is not surprising how few of the killers bother to wear a handkerchief or mask. When Robert Djaroun, the father of four children, was shot thirteen times in the hallway of a small hotel, its Moslem proprietor swore that he hadn't heard a sound.

While most of the methods of the Paris police are grindingly methodical, luck has now and then rewarded them. In the course of one routine dragnet, a small piece of paper was found on a Moslem before he could destroy it. On it was scribbled a date, a time, and an address. Nothing else.

Keeping the appointment for him, well-disguised police officers burst into a secret meeting of the fifth region of the FLN, where they arrested thirty leaders of various grades.

The raid led them to a cache of firearms half a mile from the Louvre and to the finding of several interesting documents, among them a sentence of death passed upon a Paris policeman. "As for him," it said, "do what is needed to put an end to the sufferings of our brothers."

The police have also suffered, and done much skillful and always dangerous work. They have put thousands behind bars for eventual trial, seen hundreds sent to prison for long terms. But new Moslem leaders, collectors, killers, rose from the ranks to replace those who had been arrested; others, disguised as emigrant laborers, were sent to France from Algeria.

The resolution and toughness of the Moslem terrorists were demonstrated when 577 of them, in a well-organized riot of historic proportions, came perilously close to breaking out of the formidable St-Paul prison in Lyons.

One spring evening, suddenly, the Moslem prisoners, many of them accused of murder, crashed out of their cells in an explosion of hatred and muscle. Armed with fragments of the wood-and-metal doors, and roaring in triphammer unison the Arabic word for victory, "*Widad! Widad! Widad!*" they poured down two wings of the star-shaped prison toward the seven armed guards constantly on watch at the central hub. Sirens blew; the aisles soon filled with tear gas.

Fortunately, there was a gendarmerie barracks just across the street, and its sentry gave the alarm. He later said that the rioters made a noise like ten railroad trains rolling over a bridge.

Reinforcements arrived just in time to prevent the rioters from seizing the prison keys. Man by man, yard by yard, they were pushed and slugged back to the cells, where single combats of jungle ferocity continued for a long time. When at

last it was over, 140 prisoners had been more or less seriously injured, 8 of them with fractured skulls. The undamaged prisoners were held all night long in the prison yard, under a fine, steady rain.

The attempted break had not been a complete surprise to the guards. For a week before, they had been unable to control the prisoners, who circulated mysterious commands, some of which seemed to come from outside the prison. The terror organization kept in touch, and the network of cells, groups, and *kasmas* seems to have been tightly woven anew within the Moslem prison population.

People so fanatical, and often so efficient, will be difficult to crush. Frenchmen fear that so long as the guerrilla warfare in Algeria continues, many more of the walks of Paris will be bloodily marked in red.

It Was Only a Question of Time



AN AMERICAN OFFICER stationed in Austria had never seen people as wet as the three figures plowing along in the down-pour miles outside of Salzburg, with a little dog in tow. He stopped to offer them a lift, and they piled in—two dripping boys; their mother, with her shoes squelching; the little dog in need of being wrung out like a dishrag.

“I am Dutch,” the mother said, “but my husband is Austrian, and we must stay and wait for him here, because this is his country, and where he will come back.”

“He is in Russia,” said one of the boys. “In a prisoner-of-war camp,” said the other.

And how long had she been waiting?

“Seven years. . . .”

In Salzburg, two years later, where I first saw her and heard her story, she was still waiting.

She was christened Johanna Philippine Marie Theodora, but her friends call her Philine. She had been born to leisure. One winter, while skiing in Austria, she met Kurt Eggenberger, in a snowbound mountain hut. They fell in love, and were married in 1937—just after Hitler swallowed Austria. He was then twenty-eight; she a year older.

Kurt was a construction foreman, and at odd times also earned a living as a ski teacher and guide. Photographs of him taken at that time show a face of sensitive firmness, with a web of fine wrinkles round the eyes from looking at mountain skies and snows. Philine, then as now, was strong and slender. She has a generous mouth, short blond wavy hair, and deep, blue, speaking eyes which she often veils behind smoked glasses, even indoors, "so that people cannot see in."

The outbreak of war found them in Berlin, where Kurt, working from dawn to midnight, took his engineer's diploma in a year and a half instead of the usual four. When the Nazis invaded Russia he was drafted into Hitler's gigantic construction enterprise, the *Organisation Todt*. Eventually, a civilian in uniform, he reached the rank of major. On the Nazi flood tide he went deep into Russia as far as the North Caucasus; with its ebb he floated back to Rumania, Budapest, Vienna, Yugoslavia, where at one time he commanded a labor force of 10,000 men. He was twice decorated for valor under fire.

Philine, who had gone back to Austria, lived for their boy Rolf, and for Kurt's rare short leaves. On these leaves, they learned never to puncture the soap bubble of their happiness by looking at the time. When he had to catch an early train, they would set the alarm clock, but always turn its face to the wall.

Late in 1944, Kurt suddenly appeared, and was as sud-

denly gone, on a sad, gray, November day with snow in the air. That night, in the small hours, she, who was always giving thanks to Heaven for their love, cried out, "Oh God, let him come back. . . ."

Kurt wrote that he was in the midst of the fighting round Budapest but hoped to be home for Christmas. On the Eve she trimmed a tree, lit the candles, and opened the boxes. Her present to Rolf was his first pair of skis—he was nearly three, quite old enough to begin learning. She waited, and waited. The little boy went to sleep sitting up on the floor in the midst of all the beautiful things. She put him to bed, and then, she says, "I had a wonderful Christmas all alone with my husband, wherever he was that night."

A day or two after Christmas there came a letter; a few days later, another. Then a week went by, a fortnight—nothing. The weeks became months—still nothing.

"And now," she says, "there came a time of absolutely not knowing." Was he alive, and where? Over and over again she saw him clearly pictured, as in a dreadful waking nightmare, with his shirt open and his hands tied behind his back, his body straining forward in an agony to be free.

To erase this picture, she would take pleasanter ones out of the album of memory and look at them. The time, for instance, when by sheer luck Kurt came home on the eve of her birthday, in late September. On the great day Kurt arose at five, and made the rounds of his farmer friends in the neighborhood, begging all the flowers the frost had spared. He brought them home in armfuls piled high as hay, so that when she woke flowers filled the room and were heaped over chairs and tables and poured out of the window.

Her mind went back to their first weeks together in a little room up to which one climbed by a ladder. A bowl-and-

pitcher room, with wrapping paper on the floor instead of carpets. A room gay with their carefree love, and transfigured by a window opening upon the mountains.

She laughed as she remembered her clumsy attempts at housework—the first she had ever had to do. She used to wash the clothes outdoors in a big tub. One day Kurt came back to find her half-frozen from the splashing, her dirndl a crinoline of ice. He bore her swiftly upstairs to be thawed with warm drinks and the fire of his love.

Over the void of time and space between herself and Kurt she flung a bridge, daily woven stronger of such memories.

The end of the war brought hope, but still no news. Three months later there was some joy for her, and distraction, too: their second son, Dann, was born. She had no doctor, only a midwife, and next day she steeled herself to be up and about her business of helping the refugees now streaming from the east. But life was not easy. The allowance from Kurt's pay had stopped, and she was forced to sell some of her jewelry and trinkets.

The gray days came again, and the first flurries, and then the deep sparkling snows. All at once it was New Year's. He had been gone over a year. She remembered their first New Year's Eve together. As the village church bells struck twelve, in a ceremony all his own Kurt had swept her up and held her high on the palms of his two hands, as if she were an offering before an altar. "On my two hands I bear you high into the New Year," he said.

"And even when we were parted," says Philine, "though all alone, I still could feel his strong hands lifting me into another year."

One day when she had her arms full of yelling baby the doorbell rang and something was put on the table behind

her. She glanced at it—a postcard, probably some official form. She went on changing the baby, and looked again at the card—violet ink, block letters, and words that did not pierce through her preoccupation. Then suddenly their light dawned in her mind like sunrise: “. . . good health . . . unwounded.” It was from Kurt. “Dearest—since December 28, 1944, I have been a prisoner of war in Russia, and am in good health and unwounded. You do not need to worry any more. . . .”

He was alive, or had been when he wrote the card, which was dated July 25, 1945, almost a year earlier.

A few months later there came another card, and again in a few months a third. He had not yet heard from her, so he repeated: “I am in good health . . . unwounded . . . things will go well with us again some day.”

Over the next seven years, she was sustained by such brief messages from him. But it was a thin intermittent trickle: in 1948 ten months went by without a single word; in one period of three years she got only seven letters from him. His whereabouts remained numbers; he could not tell her where he was or what he was doing.

He had been a prisoner for several years before he was allowed to receive parcels. He asked for toothpaste, cigarettes, spectacles, an aluminum spoon, Nescafé, and things to bolster up his self-respect—a comb, a nail file. Some of his requests puzzled and agitated her. Once he asked for steel tape, and a plumb bob. Was he building something? Did this mean forced labor? Later he asked for a rucksack. Could he be thinking of escape? Was it a signal? Or could it perhaps be for the journey home?

She checked her runaway hopes, for they had so often been deceived. One day, in 1947, the radio had announced that

several thousand Austrian prisoners were to be released by the Russians, in thirty-nine convoys. Sure that Kurt would be among them, she had mended her best dress, washed the windows until they sparkled.

But his name wasn't on the first list. Or the second. For thirty-nine days she held her breath as she tried to hear the names; thirty-nine times she walked to town to get the printed list. And then one day she read the chilling words: "The operation for the return of Austrian prisoners of war has been concluded."

For the first time since he had left, she put Kurt's clothes away in mothballs.

But to make up for her disappointment, she began to hear from some of the prisoners just released who had seen Kurt in Russia. Most of their letters were reassuring, but vague—like faded snapshots. "Your husband is still in good health," repeated a friendly chorus. "He is never sick. He will soon be out. It is only a question of time."

One day in 1951 there came from Kurt a brief card with a new number: 6118-P. When she asked the help of the Austrian Red Cross in locating him, an official there, who had learned many dismal secrets about which he could do nothing, said to her gently, "It's rather far away," and went to the wall map, where he put his finger on the far side of the Ural mountains, at Sverdlovsk, in Siberia.

Siberia. . . . It was probably from there, she thought, that she received, some months later, the only discouraged words he ever wrote to her: "Without you my heart would have ceased beating in order to have rest."

Philine and the two boys had moved from the country into Salzburg in 1949. She found some tiny rooms under the eaves of a house in the suburbs and made a little money doing

translations. Much of her time was spent with the boys. "I was mother, father, teacher, maid, cook, laundress, and scrub-woman rolled into one." She was also boxing instructor and often had a bloody nose from sparring with the boys to make them strong.

Much against her will, she had to sell some of Kurt's things. "The hardest was selling his ski pants," she says, "I'd so often seen them from behind—with him inside."

Philine found life in Salzburg difficult, even bitter. Work was scarce; she was ill and had an operation. Worst of all, there was pressure upon her by friends and family in Holland to "stop waiting for that man and come home." "They did what they could," she says sadly, "to make me lose my faith."

But her faith, her certainty that he would return, grew stronger through the years of separation. "Though parted," she insists, "we came closer. Other women whose husbands were prisoners speak of the 'lost years, the years we might have had together.' But Kurt and I *did* have those nine years together."

Whenever her neighbors asked Philine when Kurt would come, she always answered, with a confident smile: "Soon, now. It's only a question of time."

In June 1953 the Russians suddenly gave out a list of Austrian prisoners who were to be sent home at last, and Kurt's name was on it. Rolf and Dann were wild with excitement; the neighbors buzzed; only Philine remained outwardly calm. The lists were published—and then silence. When Beria, ruler of Soviet Russia's prison camps, was himself locked up, the silence deepened, and once more the empty weeks stretched into months.

The following October, the radio announced that 600 Aus-

trian prisoners would cross the border the next day, that they would be in Vienna by evening, that the Salzburg contingent would be home the morning after. But no names were given out.

And then there were footsteps on the stair—a man's, but not his.

It was a telegram, from Vienna.

ARRIVED SAFE AND SOUND PLEASE DO NOT
COME TO MEET ME AT THE STATION KURT.

Soon the whole neighborhood had heard, and flowers and messages began to pour in. Philine rushed out to buy steak. After nine years—a steak which they would eat together.

She could not bear waiting at the window. A faithful neighbor on the floor below stood watch for her. When a little bell rang three times, Philine ran out onto the balcony. There, striding along the alley below, was a man carrying some flowers. Walking beside him was Dann, the son he had never seen.

The first words Kurt spoke to her, Philine told me later, were these: "You must forgive me if I come home with empty hands. I have returned from the grave."

I first saw Kurt Eggenberger ten days after his return. He talked of his captivity, simply, without dramatics, in the fluent English he had learned by practice with fellow prisoners.

"Life is still not near me," he said, looking round the little low-ceilinged room; "you can't scrape out nine years all at once. I feel like a clock put behind glass."

During the long journey back from the depths of Soviet Russia, Kurt told us, "My heart was tempted to be happy, but

my brain said, 'Listen to the song of the rails under the train: wait-a-little, wait-a-little, wait-a-little, wait.' "

When the train reached Poland, the prisoners began to catch sight of real villages with church steeples, of oak and maple trees—familiar things they had not seen for nine years. "As we rolled along," says Kurt, "more and more pieces of home came by to greet us."

Kurt crossed the border without a scrap of written or printed paper on him. All Philine's letters had been taken away by the Russians. As he stepped off the train in Austria, his homeland, he had nothing on him to show who he had been. He was only a name on a list which a Russian official checked over and handed to an Austrian.

The sight of free, normal people and ordinary things was for him like being reborn. "It made me happy just to see a key again," he said, "to take a bath once more, to turn faucets, and walk on carpets, and open a door with a door handle, and sit down, for the first time in nine years, on a chair."

Nine years of boredom, hunger, filth, lice, loneliness, and cold.

How did Kurt keep from going mad? How did he prevent even his tough, athletic body from disintegrating? How did this intelligent, sensitive, affectionate human being preserve his humanity? What unfathomable inner springs of strength helped him to come back clear of eye, level of voice, steady of hand?

Granite will power and self-discipline, for one thing. (Whenever Kurt had dysentery he cured himself by eating nothing at all for five or six days.) And the unconquerable longing to survive, not as a beast but as a man. Even more important was the intensity of Kurt's imagination. He kept thinking, "What would my wife say if she could see me now?"

So through all the long years of rags and dirt, he kept up his self-respect by staying as clean and neat as he could, shaving every day, no matter how dull the blade. "I had to go out of myself," he says now, "to look over myself."

Just as with Philine, his greatest source of strength was his memories of happy days with her, the bright snapshots of the far away and long ago. "I would lie on my bunk, close my eyes, and look with my inner eye on all the things that filled our lives."

There were some moments in those gray years that were too much for even his self-control, but not many. One of them was the day he got Philine's first letter to him, fifteen months after he was captured. "For the first time I cried," says Kurt, "cried like a cow—for the first and last time."

In 1949 Kurt, along with many other Austrian fellow prisoners, was tried on the charge of having used Russian labor and property while serving with the German army. The "trial" lasted three minutes; the sentence was twenty-five years of labor. When he was alone again, Kurt says, "I took my wife's hands in mine. We spoke together, she and God and the whole universe."

Up to then Kurt, as an officer prisoner of war, had stoutly and successfully asserted his right to refuse work. But after his "trial," in one camp after another he laid brick, tile, cement blocks; he plastered walls; he dug foundations in clay frozen so hard that it chipped like glass under the pick. The food was wretched; the hours longer than daylight. From some of these jobs men returned to their wooden bunks at night unable to open their hands. Only toward the end, when he superintended the building of a lighthouse on the Volga-Don Canal, was Kurt's training as an engineer used.

Kurt's voice is calm, but his hands clench now and then as

he describes his ordeal and that of his companions; as he remembers the Austrian who was punished with solitary confinement because his family had sent him some alphabet soup and he wouldn't uncode its "secret message." Or the bunkhouse where they all slept so close together that when one man tried to turn, the whole row had to wake up and turn with him. Or the sight of his fellow prisoners walking about with their faces mottled red, green, and blue from iodine and the perpetual barber's itch. Or the three days' journey in a freight car—seventy prisoners packed so tight that they had to relieve themselves standing upright in their clothes. Or "Red Olga," the Soviet woman doctor who would invite her friends in to watch while she searched the bodies of the naked prisoners. . . .

From his nine years in Russia Kurt returned with a quiet, smoldering, unquenchable hatred for the Soviet system and its officialdom. His Russian guards and keepers, if not sadistic like the Nazis, were so bestially callous, so stupidly insensitive to human nature and human needs. For him, as for so many thousands of other Austrians, Germans, Italians, Rumanians, Poles, captivity in Russia was one long, pointless, useless atrocity spread thin over many years.

Kurt did not want to stay in Austria; he did not want Philine and their two boys to live so close to the shadow of such things as these. They planned to emigrate, as soon as they could, to Canada. "I have the diploma of an engineer," says Kurt, "but I shall be glad to work with my hands."

"His hands," says Philine, "will once again lift me into a New Year—and a new home, and a new life."

Switzerland's Avalanche Dogs



UPON THE NEW-FALLEN SNOW the skiers spelled their joy in powdery curves, circling, following the leader down the mountain, close together.

Too close. . . . All at once, a few yards above them, snow parted silently from snow as if sliced by some invisible knife. Parted, slid gently, then faster, faster, to become in seconds a white cataract which tumbled and buried the tiny men like ants caught in a sugar bin.

Two hours later, when the rescuers had struggled up from the valley, one of the skiers was still alive, his arms and legs pinned down in a strait jacket of snow, but his head free in a little cavern of fast-fouling air. He could hear on the surface above him the steps and voices of the rescuers, the clink of sounding rods, the crunch of shovels.

He screamed up at them, "Here I am! Dig here!" But by

a cruel quirk of the natural laws of snow, a man buried under it can hear ten times farther than he can be heard.

The voices faded, the footsteps moved away, until all was silent.

Suddenly there was a new sound—light, quick, a crisp-footed whisper upon the snow, now here, now there. Then an excited bark, and a furious scratching just above him, and soon shouts, daylight, the shock of cold fresh air. . . .

In Switzerland every winter some one hundred and fifty avalanche dogs stand ready, with their masters, to hurry to the scene of a snow disaster upon call. The dogs, nearly all of them pedigreed German shepherds, have been trained to sniff out people under as much as 20 feet of snow. Over and over again, the educated nose of an avalanche dog has found in a matter of minutes a victim still undetected after hours of search by the century-old method of probing the snow with long metal sounding rods.

A few winters ago, in the Valais, three men patrolling the mountains on skis luckily had two avalanche dogs with them when they were buried under a snowslide. One of the dogs was near enough the surface to "swim" his way up. Dashing to right and left, he quickly scented the nearest man, and helped him get out. Man and dog then found the dog's owner and uncovered him. Together they found and freed the remaining man and dog.

Two engineers were checking a high-voltage line near Ebligen, on the lake of Brienz, when they heard above them the unmistakable roar of an avalanche. One of them ran clear, but the other lost his glasses, became confused, and was swept under. When Hans Künzler arrived from nearby Meiringen with his dog Arry von Heimatschutz, the search

by rod and shovel had been going on fruitlessly for several hours. In three minutes by Künzler's watch, Arry was sniffing and pawing at the spot his nose had led him to. The engineer was dug out, unconscious. As soon as he came to, says Künzler, he automatically resumed the same almost animal-like thrashing motions he had been making when he was knocked out.

Some avalanche victims are crushed or twisted to instant death; many die of shock; many literally drown when the fine snow they have gasped in melts in their lungs; many others slowly smother. If a single avalanche dog gets there in time, he can be worth the plodding labor and duller senses of a dozen men.

A man was carried away by an avalanche on Mount Rigi, above Lake Lucerne. Rescuers toiled up and began to probe the snow for him. When an avalanche dog finally reached the scene, his skillfully directed zigzag search located in seven minutes the man whom the weary probers had been unable to find in three hours.

This new chapter in the golden book of lifesaving was opened thanks to a remarkable Swiss, Ferdinand Schmutz, superintendent of the Swiss National Library building in Berne. For most of his sixty years Schmutz has loved, owned, trained, studied, talked and written about dogs. As a boy he often helped a policeman who was a friend of the family by letting himself be tracked and treed as a mock "lawbreaker" by the policeman's dog. (Later this same dog several times caught young Schmutz fishing without a license.)

Since then he has devoted all his leisure to dogs, for which he has the same mysterious affinity that gypsies are supposed to have for horses. For several decades he has been a trainer for the Swiss Dog Club. His articles appear frequently in

Swiss magazines and newspapers; he has written a learned and lavishly illustrated book, *My Dog*. The police have often called upon him and his dogs to help solve crimes and mysteries.

Dogs for Schmutz are much more than a hobby—they are an art, a science, a passion. Everything to do with dogs interests him. So when he read, shortly before the war, a newspaper story about a dog named Moritz who had saved the life of a skier buried by an avalanche above the winter resort of Mürren, Schmutz went to investigate.

The rescue party, it appeared, had disinterred fourteen skiers alive and was about to give up the search for the fifteenth when Moritz, a nondescript sort of dog, began pawing at the snow and barking. His owner told him to be quiet, but when Moritz persisted, the rescuers took the hint, dug down where he had been scratching, and hauled out the last skier just in time.

Schmutz tried to make Moritz repeat the performance on several volunteers covered over with snow. Complete failure: Moritz merely wandered about wagging his tail and occasionally lifting a hind leg. He didn't nose out a single "victim."

But for the public, Moritz remained a hero. Dog lovers arranged to have him come to the Berne dog show, where he sat in a box all by himself. The ten thousand people who stopped to look at him gave him so much *würstli* and chocolate that he had to be rushed back to Mürren to save his life.

Schmutz couldn't get out of his mind the idea planted there by that small, self-indulgent, incompetent mongrel, and he went on experimenting with fellow dog lovers and their shepherd dogs. It was expensive and inconclusive. No one but Schmutz was willing to lie shivering under a pile of snow

while untaught dogs pretended to look for him. The idea might well have languished and died if it hadn't been for the outbreak of war, when the Swiss army made Schmutz consultant for the training of its patrol dogs, its messenger dogs, and the Red Cross dogs schooled to find and report wounded men.

Schmutz told the story of Moritz—the first dog ever to save an avalanche victim with his nose—to his superior, Captain Ernst Uhlmann (now colonel commanding the 4th Swiss Division, a grade equivalent to our major general). Uhlmann was impressed. He assigned to Schmutz ten men with experience as mountain guides, and the army's five best Red Cross dogs, for training as avalanche rescue teams.

Four weeks later, these retrained dogs were inspected by the commander-in-chief, General Guisan, and his assembled staff. Said the general: "If these dogs save but a single life, the effort will have been worth while." Schmutz was ordered to train fifty man-and-dog avalanche rescue teams every winter.

In the First World War, avalanches—natural or deliberately triggered—had caused 45,000 casualties. In one narrow valley, and on one single day, 7000 Italian soldiers had been killed by snowslides dynamited down upon them by Austrian engineer troops. If the Nazis invaded, Switzerland must be prepared with every possible defensive weapon, including four-footed ones.

There were skeptics, of course—there still are—who believed that the only way to find avalanche victims was the time-honored one of a line of rescuers ceaselessly moving forward and probing the snow with long, light aluminum rods, held in expert fingers quick to feel, beneath the surface, any-

thing that was not snow. How could dogs possibly be as reliable?

Schmutz's idea that dogs could do much better came into its own one bitter wintry day during army exercises on the 13,000-foot Jungfrauoch. Here, where glaciers are born and where a man, if he is lost, can easily die, a platoon of mountain troops was practicing sounding. Schmutz and his dogs were some distance away.

Across an acre of snow marked off with flags there trudged a line of soldiers armed with rods. Their problem was to find all the needles in this white haystack: a rucksack, some ski poles, a pair of gloves, and a man—the man buried too deep to be able to get out by himself.

Probing foot by foot, almost inch by inch, the soldiers had found the gloves, the rucksack and the poles, but not the man, when there struck one of those sudden mountain storms which sting the eyes with icy arrows and blot out the sight of one's own feet. The flags which framed the field went flying into the screaming cottony blankness. They were replaced by ski poles, but the search had to be halted.

In half an hour the storm blew itself out and the search was resumed. The whole area was sounded, yet no man was found. An officer pulled out a diagram: "He must be *here!*" The soldiers probed again and again. But still no man.

Darkness would soon be upon them; there might be other storms. Schmutz was sent for. He hurried over with his best dog, Gallix, and set him to work.

Gallix loped off in the classic Red Cross dog zigzag, sweeping left, right; nose twitching in sensitive alertness. But suddenly he bounded away out beyond the ski poles, apparently on some errand of his own (such things can happen with green dogs).

Schmutz was about to call him back, but remembering how often a dog had been more right than he, followed Gallix upwind, while behind them came shouts of: "No! No! Not there—it's between the poles!"

All at once Gallix stopped and began to dig at the snow, barking and wagging his tail ecstatically. Schmutz ordered the soldiers up. In a few minutes they had shoveled out their comrade, already a bit drowsy with the cold.

In the blizzard's white-out, the ski poles substituted for the flags had been misplaced. Gallix was right; thirty experienced men had been wrong.

I asked Schmutz what would have happened to the buried soldier if Gallix had not found him. "Probably," answered Schmutz, with a gleam of recollected triumph in his eye, "he'd have kept pace with the glacier, and come out twelve miles farther down—and a hundred years later."

In spite of prolonged mountain maneuvers all through the war, the Swiss army lost only a handful of men to avalanches. For this Schmutz and his avalanche dogs should have their share of credit.

To each of the mountain avalanche posts, manned by specialists in weather and snow conditions, was assigned an avalanche dog. Units were ordered to check with these posts before undertaking any march in the high snows. One detachment which failed to heed a warning was caught by a snowslide. When the nearest avalanche post's dog was rushed to the rescue, he located equipment and parts of weapons as well as the men who still lay buried.

By the end of the war, the Swiss army had nearly 900 dogs, 180 of them avalanche dogs trained under the direction of Ferdinand Schmutz. Nearly all were German shepherds. Schmutz had tried many other breeds—Dobermans, giant

schnauzers, collies, Airedales, setters—all of which failed to measure up. Alaskan huskies were too quarelsome and unbiddable. The boxer's sense of smell was dulled by his snub nose.

Only the shepherd proved to have the required strength and endurance, the alert responsiveness to orders, the uncanny sixth-sensitiveness. And his stiff hair, which is long enough to protect him during hours of working in the cold, is also short enough, especially between the toes, not to become balled and matted with snow.

There was only one breed of big dogs that Schmutz says is so obviously unfit for avalanche work that he never even tried it out. This is the Saint Bernard, the Samaritan of song and story and legend, the great dog known to every American as well as every European child, the race whose foremost hero, Barry, saver of forty-four lives, stands sedately stuffed in the Berne Natural History Museum, just down the street from Schmutz's own home and office. While he is not one to vilify any breed of dogs, Schmutz points out that the Saint Bernard uses his eyes, not his nose, to find travelers lost on the pass, and that today his nose is mediocre. Inbreeding has made Barry's longer-haired descendants soft.

When the war was over, budgets were ruthlessly pared, and the army offered its avalanche dogs at nominal prices to the men who had teamed with them. Nearly all the men bought in their dogs. With the army's blessing, and the cooperation of the Swiss Dog Club, the Swiss Alpine Club reorganized the avalanche dogs on a private basis. Training was set up for new dogs and owners, refresher courses were regularly given to those who had been in the army. Every December since 1945, on the snowy heights of the Klein Scheidegg, within sight of the Jungfrau, rigorous classification trials have been

held. Schmutz is chief among the judges. There are now more than 150 teams scattered over Switzerland, qualified to answer calls for help.

By dialing Number 11—general information—on Switzerland's admirable automatic telephone system, anyone may put one of these lifesaving teams in motion. When I asked Schmutz how this worked, he said, "Let's try," and at once dialed 11. "Fräulein," he said, "there's been an accident on the Süsten Pass. Where's the nearest avalanche dog?" In 85 seconds the operator had consulted her map and her list of certified man-and-dog avalanche teams and given us the telephone number and name of Hans Künzler, of Meiringen—the man whose dog Arry had hauled out the bespectacled engineer.

All kinds of men—and one or two women—are listed as owners of qualified avalanche dogs. Several dozen are policemen, border or customs guards, forest rangers, army non-coms, and others whose daily official work fits in with emergency disaster duty. There are dentists, grocers, farmers, factory owners, carpenters, hotel chefs. One is a parish priest. Schmutz himself has been a civil servant in the department of federal buildings for almost forty years.

One winter at Rosenlauri, in the Bernese Oberland, I watched field trials held for avalanche dogs and their owners. The problem set for each team was to find two men—well protected by heavy clothing—hidden in different corners of a snowy slope marked off by flags.

While the dog ranged over the snow, upwind, in wide hair-pin sweeps, left—right—left, his master, following slowly at a distance, directed him with quiet, firm commands, as if tugging at an invisible leash. The snow, like the scene of an actual avalanche, had been trampled and shoveled about, and

one could see the dog's confusion at the crisscross of tracks and scents of other dogs and men.

Some of the dogs were absorbed, businesslike, intense; others had to have their noses held to the grindstone by their masters' insistent voices. One gay young bitch kept taking time out to toss the snow in the air with her nose and slide down little slopes for fun.

But nearly all the dogs found the buried men in a quarter of an hour or less. Suddenly there would be a joyful bark, and the dog would scratch furiously down into the snow until his master came up with his shovel to dig out the "victim."

In the evening, dogs and men gathered in the dining room of the little mountain hotel. The men sat relaxed over beer, coffee, kirsch, card games, songs; meanwhile the dogs crouched under the tables, alert, obedient, wide-eyed, electric with controlled energy and excitement.

Many were the stories told that evening of the ways and wonders of the dogs, of the lore and perils of this experiment in lifesaving.

"Trust the dog," said one of these experts. "His instinct is more often right than man's reason."

As witness there is a story told by Joseph Scherer, who has a linoleum store at Ebnat in the canton of St-Gall and was a judge at the Rosenlaui field trials.

On the Engelberg, south of Lake Lucerne, some farmers with a reputation for poaching were swept away and buried by an avalanche. Two dogs were brought up. The first dog kept pawing at a spot so far below the edge of the avalanche that the rescuers laughed at his owner and called in the other dog, who soon was scratching away at the same spot. All that the shovels found, six feet down, was the trickle of a mountain rivulet. Many hours later, the search was given up.

In the spring, when the snows melted, the bodies of the poachers were found, beside the little brook, but 300 yards upstream from where the dogs had pawed. The logic of the dogs' noses had been correct: the scent of the men's bodies, sealed off from the surface by a layer of snow packed to ice by the pressure of the slide, had traveled downstream with the rivulet.

"The men should have believed the dogs," said Scherer, "and followed the rivulet upstream."

A good avalanche dog can detect the scent of a living body, or one still warm though no longer alive, through 15 or 20 feet of snow. The dog goes only by the strength of the scent and scratches away with equal enthusiasm whether what lies under the snow is a man down deep, or a piece of sweaty clothing near the surface.

Policeman Ernst Wineger of Erlenbach in the canton of Berne was summoned to take his trained avalanche bitch Bella to a stricken village near Interlaken. Somewhere under the debris of household goods and dirty snow lay a boy of eleven. He had been buried for five hours, while firemen shoveled and sounded methodically, cluelessly away. In twenty minutes Bella was wagging her tail and digging at the snow. The boy was hauled out and revived. Yet Bella went right on scratching, a few feet away. Here the shovels uncovered a dead cow, a dead goat, but a living and indignantly grunting pig.

Even the best dog's nose can be dulled by too many scents or by exhaustion. As a dog usually arrives on the scene of the accident tired after a long climb, wise owners let him rest ten or fifteen minutes before he goes to work. And to be effective he must work alone. No other dogs; no crowd of onlookers. Even the rescue party with its shovels and rods is

ordered to the sidelines. This sometimes leads to misunderstanding and hard words.

The best dogs, with the official classification of "élite," are usually at least three years old. But if the owner has the patience, and doesn't ask for too much at a time, pups as young as four to six months can be taught to obey, to follow a scent, to find and fetch a hidden object. Upon these essentials is built the specialized avalanche training, step by step. First the dog is taught to locate his master under the snow, then his master buried beside a stranger, then a stranger buried alone.

For decades, in Switzerland and elsewhere in Europe, Red Cross dogs have been trained with the "bringsel." This is a thick, stubby piece of leather, which hangs from the dog's collar. The dog is trained to range in a wide pattern, his nose on the alert for the scent of man. If he finds a man lying on the ground—presumably helpless or unconscious—the dog swings the bringsel so as to catch it in his mouth and races back to his master, as if to say, "I have found a wounded man." Then the dog, on an extra-long leash, leads his master to the spot where he found the victim.

One of the Swiss avalanche dogs hurriedly flown in to the dreadful Walsertal disaster was a beginner. His master had been training him with the bringsel but had not brought it along. The dog went off to search as ordered but promptly disappeared. His master called and called. At last the dog returned, hesitantly, looking back from time to time, as if he had left something behind. His master made a shrewd guess, picked up a fragment of wood from the debris, improvised a bringsel, tied it to the dog's collar with a piece of string, and sent him off to search again. Sure enough, in a little while the dog was back, with the telltale piece of wood in his

mouth. In traditional Red Cross dog fashion, he then led his master to an inconspicuous hole in the snow. Deep behind it, the rescuers found two teen-age girls, who were dug out alive.

Most avalanche dogs are touchingly pleased when they have helped rescue a man from the snow. They wag their tails ninety to the minute and lick his chilled face all over. But they react just as strongly to failure.

Emil Clavadetscher, a gas-company employee in the canton of Grisons, learned this at the first serious test of his big black four-year-old shepherd, Ordo von der Stammburg. Ordo quickly found the spot in the avalanche where lay a young Zurich workman. But when the shovels reached him the boy was dead. Unfortunately Clavadetscher had let the dog stand by and watch. When Ordo saw the lifeless body he cried like a human being. For three days he was too upset to work and mourned as if for someone he had known and loved.

Karl Hüni, a Zurich molder and stone-carver, has an eight-year-old German shepherd avalanche dog, Astor von Reheto-bel. Once they arrived at the scene of an accident in such evil weather that Astor was encased in snow and icicles. With the last of his strength, Astor ran onto the avalanche and almost at once lay down motionless on the snow. When Hüni had pulled the ice from his coat, Astor began pawing at the spot where he had lain, frantically, as if to make up for lost time. Twelve feet beneath him a man was dug out, still alive.

Astor, says Hüni, has senses so keen that when he finds a buried man his digging always starts above the man's head, never his feet.

Thanks to his wisdom, and his master's careful training,

Astor is something of a canine Jekyll and Hyde—sometimes an angel of mercy, sometimes an extremely tough cop. If Hüni puts on boots and knickerbockers, Astor is at once on the alert for lawbreakers, and at the command, "*Fass Lump!*" ("Grab the rascal!") will savagely sink his teeth into a fugitive's arm. But if Hüni turns up with rucksack, ski boots, and shovel, Astor is a gentle, loving dog, who will ecstatically lick the face of any stranger his wonderful nose has helped save from the snow.

Some of these dogs show a supersensory wisdom which fills men with awe. About 40 miles west of Zermatt and the Matterhorn lies the lonely valley of Binn. Here, in January 1951, firemen on their way to move some cattle to safety were surprised by a huge avalanche. A rescue party freed four of them from the mishmash of snow and broken branches, while a frontier guard's avalanche dog smelled out the fifth.

As all of them, stretched out upon the snow, were being given first aid, the dog began running back and forth strangely, nipping now and then at his master's trouser leg. The guard ordered all hands off the ruins of the avalanche. No sooner had they gone than an enormous new avalanche roared down out of the fog and covered the first one like a dirty eiderdown. The dog's instinct had saved twenty-two men—one of them twice over.

Land Behind the Wire



THE CZECHOSLOVAK BORDER between Nuremberg and Prague is a wide gash through a pine forest. Down the middle of the gash run five parallel lines of thick, cat's-cradled barbed wire stretched taut between concrete posts. On the Czech side is that symbol of every "Democratic People's Republic," the telltale strip of grassless earth kept constantly harrowed to record illegal footsteps. Nothing that the Management wants to keep out gets in; no one whom it wants to keep in gets out.

The most important fact about a Soviet satellite is that barbed wire. Behind it one sees flowering fruit trees, geese waddling toward village ponds, children playing, men sawing, kerchiefed women hoeing, multicolored wash hanging out on lines, and other normal human sights—because life goes on. But the shadow of the wire lies across them all.

At the Hotel Alcron in Prague the food is good, the waiters courteous, the barman deft and faintly cynical. But there

are no Western newspapers (the authorities forbade them because "they kept getting into the hands of Czech citizens"). No *Herald Tribune*, no *Daily Mail*, no *Figaro*, no *Züricher Zeitung*. Instead there droop from dusty racks beside the elevator illustrated propaganda magazines in Czech about Soviet Russia, in Russian about Red China, in German about Bulgaria.

Western guests sit in the lounge sipping cocktails and staring moodily at a ten-day-old copy of *The Daily Worker*. The sight of a Western paper in someone else's hands leads to quick friendships among the tourists. "May I have a look at your *Times* when you are through? I'm starved for news!"

I was in Prague on May Day—a day of pewter sky, of overcoat-and-muffler chill. For eight hours a shuffling river of humanity moved sluggishly down the wide oblong of Wenceslaus Square. No tanks, no soldiers, no marching, very little music. Just people, people, carrying banners with words selected from a list of fifty-three approved slogans printed a few weeks earlier in the government newspaper. High up on a balcony stood a cheerleader for the crowd's obedient hurrahs. With one hand he held a microphone; with the other he cued the multitude: "Long Live the Communist Parties of the World!"—"Hurrah!" "Long Live Marxism-Leninism, Invincible Weapon of the Working Class!"—"Hurrah!"

On the reviewing stand, for many gray hours, sat the two dozen or so Big Brothers and the solitary Big Sister (she is the Minister of Culture), acknowledging this display of loyalty. Some of them saluted over and over again with a weary flip of the wrist; some listlessly waved bouquets from arms comfortably pivoting on the rail.

For the first of May, each window of every apartment house in Prague sports two small flags of exactly the same size: on

the left, never on the right, the flag of Czechoslovakia; on the right, and always on the right, the hammer and sickle of the Soviet Union.

"What happens," I asked a Czech acquaintance, "to someone who neglects to put out those twin flags?" "Oh, probably nothing right away," was the answer, "but when he applies for a larger apartment, he'll have to wait a long time."

The Czech Communists, say Western observers, go beyond mere slavish obedience to the Russians: they are more orthodox than the Kremlin, therefore often oddly behind the times and loyal to some skin which the Soviet snake shed long ago.

High above Prague, in brutal contrast with the city's ancient palaces and lovely spires, stands a fifty-foot statue of Stalin backed by a squad of thick-booted, square-jawed workers, peasants, and soldiers. This chunk of Socialist Realism was not completed when Stalin died. "How about the Cult of Personality?" I asked a Czech. "What about Khrushchev's secret speech?" "It seemed less embarrassing," he answered, "to finish it than to tear it down."

The position of the Czechs in the Soviet world is caricatured by an anecdote I heard in Prague. Khrushchev called a conference of Soviet Bloc leaders. Each leader, when he arrived at the Kremlin, found upon his chair a tack, point upward. The Rumanians and the Bulgarians saw the tacks and sat down upon them without a word. Gomulka of Poland saw the tack too, and sat down upon it, but said "Ouch!" Mao Tse Tung swept the Russian tack to the floor, took out of his pocket a Chinese tack, and sat upon that. The Czech premier and president, Antonin Novotny, took a tack of Czech manufacture from his pocket, placed it point up beside the Russian tack, and sat down upon both.

The Czechs, who ate well before the war, eat better than people in any of the other satellites, and their general economic level is the highest in the Soviet Bloc. But it lags behind most of Western Europe. Conspicuous by their rarity are children's toys. The displays in the few shops that sell any are pitiful; one seldom sees a child playing with anything more interesting than a ball.

As is usual behind the Curtain, housing (when one can find it at all) is cheap, and medical care free of charge. The young lady I engaged as a guide in Prague said that she paid less than two dollars a month for a room and bath; an excellent dentist refused to accept a fee from me even though I was an American.

A surprising number of Czechs are making money. A woman who works in the cow barn of a large collective farm, and her husband and her son, both factory hands, had saved enough among them to build a large, airy, comfortable house. The daughter-in-law proudly showed me her new television set.

In Prague alone, recently, 50,000 people were awaiting delivery on cars. They may have to wait a long time. Passenger cars are still rare on the roads of Czechoslovakia, and in the towns one can park almost at will. Indelibly fixed in one's memory are the crowds of men and women, dressed in clothes the color of old raincoats and wet pavements, walking, walking, walking, while a spit-and-polish policeman, alone in the middle of the street, makes wooden-marionette gestures to a solitary automobile.

My car, a Volkswagen which I hung and plastered with small American flags, drew big crowds wherever I stopped. Schoolboys would peer into it, under it, flex the radio aerial, count the stars on the flags. Faces would light up when I told

them what I was. "Ah! American—that is good!" Several times, before the usual crowd gathered, someone would come close and say, "Oh, if I could only speak freely . . ."

In the countryside, it was remarkable how much more of the work was being done by horses than by tractors, by people than by horses, by women than by men. By battalions of kerchiefed, heavy-skirted women moving in line across a field, stooping to transplant or weed, rising to take a step, then bending down to plant or weed again. In the cities women were cleaning the streets and heaving coal.

The Party ("Our Glorious Mother Party") seems to have set Czechoslovakia's agriculture back almost deliberately. A country that used to feed itself now has to import huge quantities of butter, meat, and wheat. Every second loaf of bread is baked of flour from Russian grain. All this in spite of enormous investments in fertilizers, research, mechanization. Also in spite of—or more likely because of—a relentless drive which has collectivized more than 90 per cent of the farms. In the eyes of the Party—this seems to be true elsewhere in the Soviet Bloc—farm production has been subordinated to ideology: the regime is determined to root out that "class enemy," the instinct of private ownership.

The words *Narodni Podnik*, which appear on almost everything in Czechoslovakia from a department store to a bottle of Pilsner, mean "National Enterprise": a government-owned, government-run business, the property or product of monopolistic state capitalism. Very few traces of private commercial enterprise remain. The new constitution "permits" it on condition that the enterpriser doesn't hire anyone to help him. When I asked to see some of these surviving enterprises, I was shown a small dark shop where an old man was making and selling wooden tubs, bowls, and

kitchen utensils. And I was told of a watchmaker who is tolerated because he is so good that even Party members take their watches to him to repair instead of to some Narodni Podnik. Some craftsmen and artisans are allowed to exist because they are so old that they must soon die, and their one-man businesses with them.

The tailor, the shoe repairman, the side-street grocer, the laundry—practically all of them have been Narodni-Podnikated. The barber chair does not belong to the barber, but to the state; the dispirited old lady who sold me three postcards of St. Vitus's church and a pencil marked "Glory to the Soviet Army" is not working for herself, or for a cousin, or for any flesh-and-blood boss, but for a numbered page in one of the hundreds of ledgers in a distant ministry—which is itself enslaved to a Plan.

Private businessmen or landowners who attempt to hold out some of their property when it is "socialized" face harsh punishment. When the farmland of Jarolim Prindish of Bielkovice was collectivized, he was allowed to keep his twelve-acre wood lot. But one day he heard that this also was soon to be annexed by the collective. In a fury he chopped down some of his own trees. For destroying valuable timber which was about not to belong to him, though it still did when he wielded the ax, he was given six months in prison and fined \$100 a cord.

There are many things in this strange world behind the wire which people don't have to do unless they want to, but which they'd better want to do if they know what's good for them. The most important of these "voluntarily musts" is "brigade labor," whereby the State extracts from its citizens hundreds of millions of unpaid man-hours a year.

In Prague, near a small quiet park, I saw a group of people

demolishing the remains of a ruined wall: a middle-aged man in a white shirt inexpertly wielding a pickax, an elderly woman trundling away the rubble in a wheelbarrow, another woman lifting stones too heavy for her. Puzzling—until one read in the newspaper that every inhabitant of Prague had been handed a special identity card entitled “For a More Beautiful Prague,” in which will be entered the number of brigade hours he or she had worked. In one recent year, in Prague alone the citizens turned in more than eight million hours of unpaid brigade labor.

A satellite citizen “voluntarily must” vote. In Czechoslovakia, where the candidates, chosen by the Communist party, are unopposed, voters often march to the polls in formation and scorn the privacy of election booths. In one recent election 99.99 per cent of those registered voted, and not one vote was cast against the candidate (Joseph Krosnar, the Minister of State Control). Even Hitler never did as well as that.

In Prague, most of the members of the American Embassy staff, as well as their families, live in a state of mild, bloodless siege in a vast, splendid, well-watched palace, which no Czech dares enter except on official business. Nor do Embassy officials have friends among the Czechs. Not long ago Czech medical men received and entertained a delegation of American physicians. Our ambassador, wishing to return the courtesies on behalf of the Americans, invited sixteen Czech doctors to the Embassy. The only Czech who turned up was a minor protocol officer in the Foreign Office.

From time to time, for no apparent reason, Czech plainclothes men begin openly following Embassy staff members and their wives, even into shops and churches. Nothing confidential is said within the Embassy building, because our

officials cannot be sure which of the Czech employees and servants are reporting on them, and the presence of microphones is taken for granted.

At a diplomatic cocktail party in another satellite, a neutral envoy said, "When I can't stand it any more I go over to where they have planted the microphone and tell the regime exactly what I think of it. Worth ten of these cocktails."

At yet another gathering, a newly arrived American official was rather pleased with himself because he quickly spotted the microphone in his apartment and removed it. "That was a mistake," said our hostess. "I know just where ours is hidden and I wouldn't take it out for anything. When the servants the Government gives us become impossible, I complain in front of the microphone, and for a few weeks things are better."

Every John or Jane Doe in the satellite lands—unless he is a gypsy or in hiding—has a personal file which he is not allowed to see. Into this file, beside the obvious vital statistics, and data about class background, education, employment, membership in government-sponsored organizations, go comments on the unsuspecting Jan Novak's "political reliability," his chance remarks unflattering to the regime, his clandestine attendance at church, a mention of any relatives who have tried to leave the country, a notation of the occasions on which he failed "voluntarily" to collect scrap or march in a parade.

The dubious items pile up, unknown to him, in Novak's dossier, until one day he steps a bit too far over the line—or until the regime, for political reasons quite unconnected with him, finds it desirable to stage a drive on "State enemies." Then poor Novak is crushed under the weight of his file.

Bristling hundreds of feet into the air from the landscape around Kostelany, near Bratislava, is a giant radio tower moored to the points of the compass by almost invisible guy wires. This, I was told unofficially, is the apparatus designed to jam the Czech- and Slovak-language broadcasts of Radio Free Europe from Munich. Many millions of crowns were spent here for the single purpose of preventing certain human words from reaching certain human ears.

The words can't get in; the listeners can't get out. What thousands of Czechs would rather have than anything else in the world is a passport. A few adroit citizens have been known to wangle a visa to East Germany and from there have reached the West via Berlin. A man and his wife joined a flying club and waited months for a chance to fly to asylum in Germany. A frogman or two has succeeded in swimming the well-patrolled Danube.

Most of those who are allowed to cross the border westward must leave a hostage behind. A young Czech scientist was asked if he was going to attend a certain congress in a Western country. "Why, no," he answered, "I couldn't get a visa. You see, I'm not yet married."

It is easier for a Czech to get to Red China than to Vienna. The Slovak capital, Bratislava, on the Danube, used to be connected with Vienna by trolley car. Not a wheel ever touches those rusty tracks now; grass and weeds are growing up through the ballast. Two cities once seventy-five cents apart are now in separate worlds. When we told the clerk in a Bratislava shop that we expected to be in Vienna in time for lunch, his eyes clouded with longing. "Ah, yes; Vienna is beautiful," he said. "I wish I could see the Stefansplatz again. . . ."

In a secluded house in the restricted zone near the Aus-

trian border lives Antonin Pizha, a railroad trackwalker, with his wife Amalie and their two sons. Their vigilance and guile have caused the arrest by the border police of some three hundred "illegal border crossers," the majority of whom were would-be refugees—that is, people who could not stand it any more and wanted to be free. As soon as a "suspicious person" appeared, Amalie Pizha would artfully detain him while her husband quietly bicycled off to get the police. In the last few years the Pizhas have been helped by their two boys, the elder of whom is twelve. Suspects who didn't fall into the trap were followed by the boys in the best Scout style until the police came. It was exciting, thus betraying one's fellow countrymen, and it paid off. Last winter, to the loud applause of several newspapers, the Pizhas were decorated with the Order of Service to the Fatherland for their "exemplary cooperation with the border guards."

I crossed the border into Austria feeling rather like a refugee myself—a refugee from the Pizhas, the approved slogans, the Narodni Podniks. As I drove through the small towns, things I had always taken for granted now shouted at me: the names, names, names over the shops, the names of private people over their own shops. Every name, every "Anton Schmidt, Hardware," every "Karl Herz, Fine Groceries," every "Ludwig Gruber, Hairdresser," was a slogan in itself.

Vienna was bursting with the pretty, silly things nobody needs but everybody wants. The newsstands bulged with papers of all opinions from all over Europe. The cafés were crammed with men and women talking—talking about anything and everything without having to wonder whether there was a microphone under the table.

They Were Their Own Guinea Pigs



LATE ONE NIGHT, in an empty Stockholm street, a policeman stood watching a young man who was having trouble with his door key. He dropped it twice; he picked it up in elaborate slow motion only to drop it again; his fingers stumbled for the keyhole as if all ten of them were feet. The policeman thought he had never seen anyone so grotesquely tipsy and walked over to investigate.

But the young man, Bengt Lundqvist, was far from drunk. He had been working late in the chemistry laboratory of the University of Stockholm, where he was a student. If his fingers refused to obey him, it was because the anesthetic he had deliberately injected into them some hours earlier had not yet worn off. He had done this as one of a long series of experiments with a new, exciting, and valuable substance discovered by his teacher, Nils Löfgren. Thanks to these two young Swedes, who made guinea pigs of themselves for

months, sometimes most perilously, the world is the richer by Xylocaine, which many dentists and physicians consider the swiftest, surest, and safest of local anesthetics.

The story of Löfgren and Lundqvist illustrates the best in scientific research—profound knowledge, dogged patience, silent self-sacrifice, endless burning of midnight oil—and also some qualities less commonly found beneath a white coat: a readiness to explore and exploit the apparently irrelevant, and ability to recognize Lady Luck no matter how odd her disguise.

In the long chain of science no link is fatherless; every discovery has its pedigree. That of Xylocaine can be traced back to some camels in Central Asia which refused to eat a certain reed. Ordinary people would have thought that the camels refused to eat the reed because they didn't like the taste, and left it at that. But true scientists never leave anything at that, and in time some of them found that the rejected reed contained a poisonous substance called gramine. Teams of chemists here and there began to study gramine.

A member of one of these teams was Nils Löfgren, then twenty-three years old. As an assistant in chemistry at the University of Stockholm, he was occupied with a laborious routine which might be called the "playback." When chemists have "analyzed" a natural substance—in other words, broken it down into its elementary parts—they describe its structure in a "formula." Then, to check the accuracy of the formula, they put the parts together again artificially in the laboratory. This is called "synthesis." If in test after test the synthetic product behaves exactly like the original, the formula is proved correct.

Few chemicals are so poisonous that a dab can't be put on the tongue, and like most chemists Löfgren and his colleagues

often tested their compounds by taste. After the playback of the gramine formula they found that the laboratory-made gramine didn't taste at all like the stuff the camels had scorned. So the formula that had been assigned to gramine was incorrect.

Though annoyed, Löfgren was also intrigued, for, unlike natural gramine, the faulty synthetic made his tongue feel numb. A more conventional, one-track-minded chemist might have cursed the time wasted and gone ahead with his gramines. But Löfgren had the kind of mind that can stop, look, and listen. He tested—and tasted—his way through the first ingredients of his synthesis until he found a relatively simple one that had a mildly numbing effect on his tongue. Why not use this substance as the primary building block in a series of compounds which might, he hoped, show the relationship between chemical structure and anesthetic effect?

For seven years—at first with a colleague, who soon abandoned what seemed to him a fruitless chase, then alone—Löfgren plugged along, matchmaking with molecules. From time to time he gave to some of his students, as part of their training in the art of synthesis, assignments which fitted in with his project. In all, up to 1943, he synthesized fifty-six compounds, testing each of them by rubbing a bit on his lips and his tongue. "Not one of them was active enough for clinical use," he says, "and all of them were painful. Some of them stung like a bee and made me cry like a pig."

A less persistent man would have quit. But Löfgren felt that somewhere among the hundreds of possible combinations was one that would numb his tongue without burning it.

Early in 1943, the fifty-seventh compound put the tip of Löfgren's tongue to sleep so swiftly that he at once tested it

against a standard local anesthetic by rubbing a bit of each on opposite sides of his tongue. The new stuff seemed more effective in every respect. And it didn't sting or itch.

"I knew that I had a good product at last," says Löfgren, "but I was only a chemist. . . ." And an obscure young teaching chemist, to boot, not one of the research aristocrats. He didn't even have a master's degree. He felt sure that it was no use attempting to interest the bigwigs of Swedish medical science. "What, no figures?" they would have said to him, if they had deigned to say anything at all. "No clinical tests? No objective data? Only the sensations of your own private, personal, subjective tongue? You're wasting our time!"

For several months Löfgren fumed in frustration. And then one day a star pupil in one of his other classes came to see him. The student was six feet tall and had yellowish-green eyes. His name was Bengt Lundqvist. He said, "I hear you have synthesized a new local anesthetic with promising properties. May I have some?" When Löfgren asked what he wanted it for, Lundqvist implied that it might be for a few experiments with animals. "Impossible," objected Löfgren, "only an expert should conduct such experiments. You don't know any more about it than I do." But the tall young man with the green eyes was so insistent that at length Löfgren gave him a few grams.

He would never have done so, he admits now, if he had realized how Lundqvist proposed to use the stuff, or if he had known more about Lundqvist's earlier exploits and character.

Bengt Lundqvist was no ordinary young science student. At the age of ten he had bought his first chemistry set; at thirteen, in his mother's kitchen, he had concocted gunpowder, as well as some tear gas which blew up in his face

and nearly cost him his sight. A year or so later he made nitroglycerin and laughing gas; also soaps and hair tonic, which he sold to his friends. At fifteen, he suggested one day to his friend Svante Hjertstrand that they sniff some gasoline "and see what happens." Svante lost consciousness. When he came to, he says, "Bengt was leaning over me, studying my reactions."

In time Lundqvist became a solid as well as a brilliant chemistry student, with a passionate energy and the concentration of a yogi. Sometimes, when he was really absorbed, he would not utter a word for days. He could master a fat technical tome in a few hours; he tutored a friend through a whole year's physics in eight days. Yet he was no bookworm. He loved life and had many hobbies. He organized a boys' camp; he was a first-rate photographer, and a fencer of just not quite Olympic caliber.

But above all he liked sailing. Here again he never stopped wanting to see what would happen; never lost his appetite for the calculated risk. He took delight in almost capsizing the boat. A storm warning thrilled him; it was then that he loved to up anchor and sail forth—alone.

After Löfgren had reluctantly given Lundqvist some of the new compound, Lundqvist disappeared. Löfgren was angry: a serious student should not be absent without an excuse. Four days later Bengt Lundqvist returned, and silently laid before his teacher a report of twenty closely typed pages. When Löfgren had read it, his disapproval turned into shocked admiration for a superhuman feat of concentration, nerve, and skill.

The first thing Lundqvist had done after getting the white powder from Löfgren was to buy a great fat treatise, all in German, containing everything that anybody anywhere had

ever known about local anesthesia. He studied it up, down, and sideways, for two days and most of a night. Then he bought a hypodermic syringe and began to compare the virtues of Löfgren's compound with those of a standard local anesthetic, by injecting them into opposite sides of the same finger. For the next two days he jabbed, and timed, and waited, and jabbed and timed again.

It was heroic—fanatically so. But it was also a first-class piece of research. Best of all, the results were favorable to the new compound, which Löfgren named Xylocaine (after one of its ingredients, xylene). Löfgren and Lundqvist now dedicated themselves to its development.

Lundqvist was quite willing to share his heroism with Löfgren and at once offered to begin a series of injections on him. "For two hours," says Löfgren, "I walked round wondering if I would allow him to destroy me. He seemed to have no feelings for my person." Then, once again, Löfgren reluctantly said yes. He was often to regret it.

Xylocaine was not "toxic" in the sense that it destroyed tissue or left permanent damage. But what about its "side reactions"? Other local anesthetics, also nontoxic, sometimes caused itching, chills, and even shock. Was Xylocaine any better in this respect? Might not some related but as yet undiscovered compound be better still? Löfgren and Lundqvist had to go on synthesizing and testing, on no budget at all, and with limited time. The only way to make speed was to use each other as guinea pigs.

They synthesized and tried out on themselves dozens of compounds. They never knew what the side reactions would be until after they had pressed down the plunger of the hypodermic syringe. One of Xylocaine's chemical cousins left queer persistent images on Löfgren's retina. A second

knocked him down in a dead faint. Still others made him cry with pain, turned his face lobster-red, gave him nausea, vertigo, and an alarming jerky motion of the legs when he walked.

No one will ever know all the tests that Bengt Lundqvist performed on himself, sometimes rashly but always with deliberation, expert knowledge, and careful planning. Some portion of his anatomy seems to have been under a local anesthetic a large part of the time. Several of his friends became willing guinea pigs, too. One of them recalls that serious, rigidly scientific injections were a frequent afternoon pastime at Bengt Lundqvist's house.

Injections into fingers or legs were one thing. But Lundqvist, confident in his knowledge and increasing skill, seems also to have tried the riskier techniques of injections into the spine. One story describes him doing this to himself while alone, with the aid of a mirror. Another tells how his landlady found him asleep, with a hypodermic needle protruding from his back like some jungle weapon.

Lundqvist's methods, though unorthodox, were always strictly scientific. For all injections he watched pulse and blood pressure, and had the proper drugs at hand for emergencies.

But when Nils Löfgren heard of the spinal injections he absolutely forbade them. There were plenty of other less spectacular tasks waiting to be done. In their little laboratory in the chemistry building's bomb shelter, Löfgren and Lundqvist worked with frenzy for six months, smoking sixty or seventy cigarettes a night, quite often not going to bed at all, but snatching a little sleep on streetcars.

Bengt Lundqvist's decisiveness, persistence, and courage,

says Löfgren, made it possible to do in two or three months work which would otherwise have taken as many years.

At length, with the help of a research veterinarian who contributed data on what their compounds did to animals, they felt that Xylocaine was ready. Then they went down to Södertälje to talk business with the great Swedish pharmaceutical company of Astra.

On the train, Löfgren suddenly exclaimed, "God help me! We have not yet tried Xylocaine on anybody's teeth!"

"How could we have forgotten that!" Lundqvist answered. "But it is not too late. Let us go find the toilet. There is surely a mirror there." And to Löfgren's amazement he produced a little black medicine case. In the toilet he opened it, and took out all the required instruments, as well as his German treatise on local anesthesia, with which he briefly refreshed his memory. Then, gazing into the mirror, he carefully jabbed the syringe needle into his jaw.

A few minutes after they were back in their seats Lundqvist said, "No, Xylocaine has no irritating properties when used in the dental region."

Dr. Bertil Sjögren, director of research at Astra, was impressed. "These two chemists," he said later, "one of them an unknown student, by energetic, methodical plugging, working entirely alone, and performing experiments on themselves, had made a big jump forward." An agreement was signed the same day.

Astra put Xylocaine through the wringer. Only after five years of testing and refining was it released.

Xylocaine—as Swedish experts and many others elsewhere have found—acted in seconds rather than minutes; its effects lasted longer and covered a wider area; it greatly reduced

the occurrence of side reactions. In one large European dental clinic there used to be a special emergency room equipped for those patients (about one out of every five) who suffered unpleasant reactions from local anesthetics. After the clinic had adopted Xylocaine, this emergency room was turned into a cloakroom.

The bulk of the Xylocaine sold all over the world is now used by dentists. A Xylocaine tooth-nerve block works in sixty to ninety seconds; with the older local anesthetics the patient had a quarter of an hour of solitude to imagine the horrors ahead of him. Today 98 per cent of Swedish dentists use Xylocaine.

Nils Löfgren—now Doctor Löfgren, thanks to his thesis on Xylocaine—is living in Switzerland, where he can most easily obtain the herbs which may lead him to a chemical answer for the problem of so-called “soldier’s heart.”

Bengt Lundqvist, to the great loss of Sweden and the world, died at the age of thirty-one. His courage and his gifts made him a brief but flaming comet in the skies of science.

The Night Climbers



IT WAS AT OXFORD that I began to understand why the British were the first to conquer Mount Everest. In the company of three lithe and knowledgeable undergraduates I spent a Sunday morning wandering about the University's quadrangles of stony lace. But we were not sightseeing; we had no interest in mad kings or Gothic art. The three undergraduates wore rubber-soled shoes, and I suspect that one of them had a length of nylon rope coiled round his middle. For they were members of that secret band known as wall climbers, or night climbers, or "stegophilists" from the Greek *stegos*, meaning roof, and *philo*, crazy about.

In a dozen English schools and universities, hardy, anonymous athletes like these are training for the eventual conquest of Himalayan peaks by pitting their muscles against the pinnacles and drainpipes of their own college buildings. The fact that the authorities frown upon turning ancient li-

barriers into Mont Blancs or churches into Matterhorns, and expel anyone caught trying to do so, gives the sport a piquant flavor of illegality not found in the Alps themselves.

Which was why I did not ask to know the names of my learned guides. And why one of them chose a secluded alley for a daylight demonstration of the night-climber's art. It was a four-foot passageway between two high blank brick walls—what in the mountains would be called a “chimney.” Alternately pressing hands and feet against the opposing walls, the young stegophilist swiftly braced his way up to a point some twenty feet above ground, and hung there for a moment, supported by the pressure of his legs alone, gaily astride a vacuum.

From the safety of the pavement, these acrobats showed me the classic peaks and climbs of Oxford. We looked at those gravely elegant façades not as examples of Tudor, Renaissance, or baroque architecture, but solely from the point of view of their climbability. Instead of admiring vaults, groins, and ogives, we paused to examine at close range the anatomy of lowly drainpipes. The round ones offer an easy ascent—unless they come loose—but the square ones, clamped close to the wall, leave no room for finger grips. The opposite is true of columns, whether Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian in style: the square ones, when close together, make good squirm-up-able “chimneys,” while half-rounds, melted into the façade, can be treacherous in sleety weather.

First on our list was a forbidden peak: the slender, 73-foot Martyrs' Memorial, a monument to two sixteenth-century victims of religious persecution. Not long ago a pair of undergraduates, securely roped together and wearing rubbers, attempted an early-morning ascent of the Memorial. When a pinnacle broke under their weight one of them fell 25 feet,

and was saved from serious injury only by the rope. In court they apologized, offered to repair the damage, and explained that they were practicing for a holiday's rock climbing.

Our next stop was at the entrance to one of the colleges where, on the bulletin board, we saw an official notice warning undergraduates not to climb the Memorial on pain of expulsion. In spite of the notice, I was told later, this climb has since been attempted twice, once successfully by three climbers who had for midnight audience a tolerant and amused policeman.

In the heart of Oxford stands its Matterhorn, the 200-foot-high reading room known as the Radcliffe Camera. Though provided with many such decorations as urns, bull's-eyes, and stone window ledges, it is one of the most difficult climbs in Oxford, being rated, in rock-climbing lingo, "very severe."

The Camera's crucial point is at the circular overhang running all around the building, where the rim of the dome pushes down like a hat upon a hoary head. This can best be negotiated—perhaps can *only* be negotiated—by two climbers. As they approach the overhang, the first one becomes a human ladder for the second, who crawls over him and, from safety atop the ledge, hauls number one up after him.

Some truths, and more legends, have filtered through the veil of secrecy that shrouds the ascents of the Radcliffe Camera. It was first climbed a generation ago by a man who is now a respected University official. When he was elevated to a responsible disciplinary post, his knowledge of the Camera's crests and ridges, acquired as an undergraduate, gave rise to a story which he is quick to deny. On his way home late one night he is supposed to have seen, halfway up the face of the Camera, two furtive climbers. Going round to the other side of the building he started up himself, reached

the top before the climbers, and there greeted them with the words, "Gentlemen, may I have your names?"

As we were examining this man-made mountain, I saw something fluttering in the breeze from the Camera's topmost spike. It was a black bow tie, I was told, which had been affixed to the lightning rod on the occasion of the funeral of George VI. This token of respect and loyalty was left there one freezing night by a mountaineer who went up shoeless, in order to have a firmer grip on the icy stone. Not two weeks later the owner of the tie was killed climbing in the Welsh mountains.

Another Oxford legend concerns a certain sporting and tolerant dean of Worcester College. To stem the flow of students illegally climbing in after the gates were closed at night, he protected the college grounds with a double line of rotating spikes. But they were so cruelly sharp that he had not the heart to take action against a student who managed to climb over them, and could bring himself to fine only those who were so clumsy as to get jabbed. Each ten-shilling fine was applied by the dean to placing, on the offending spike, a silver band inscribed with the date and the wounded undergraduate's name. It was not long before the walls of Worcester began to sparkle with the silver bands.

On our way back from the Radcliffe Camera we came to the new Bodleian Library. Though it had been built thanks partly to the generosity of the Rockefellers, and though I also was an American, my stegophilic guides were scornful of it, even disgusted, and after we had looked it over closely I felt bound to agree with them. For we could not find upon its walls a single helpful knob, gargoyle, foothold, or outside drainpipe. "We believe," said one of my guides, "that the

University authorities commanded the architect to make it unclimbable. He succeeded."

If the Camera is Oxford's Matterhorn, its Mount Everest is the soaring, stately Tom Tower which surmounts the Great Gate of Christ Church. Every night at ten the great Tom bell peals 101 strokes (this was the original number of Christ Church students) to signal the closing of the gates. Though undergraduate experts have tried it, and given it as much thought as Colonel John Hunt gave to the conquest of Mount Everest, Tom Tower has never been climbed.

For its conquest there seems to be only one solution. What stops everyone is a smooth belt of stone broken only by the face of the great clock. How to climb the clock? Here is the answer, at any rate in theory. The climber—who should be as tall a man as possible—must get up to the clock at half past the hour. At 25 minutes of the hour, he must reach up and grasp the huge minute hand, which, if he can hang on that long, will in a quarter of an hour carry him to the point, 10 minutes before the hour, where, by chinning himself, he can get a handhold that should open the way to the summit. This requires dangling in cold, dark, and empty space for longer than is probably humanly possible without food, drink, oxygen tanks, or a Sherpa.

After our tour of the University's peaks and pinnacles, my rubber-shod friends took me a few miles out of town to one of their more serious practice grounds, an unguarded railroad bridge, where they proceeded to climb along and up the inside of its stonework arch. Though only a few feet from the ground, they inched up with their fingers and probed with their toes as carefully as if they were traversing a real mountain above a long drop to a glacier. At times they spread

against the wall so lizard-flat and still that I expected to see forked tongues flicker from their mouths.

Ronald Clark, a learned historian of the onward and upward movement called stegophilia, has drawn up a list of the strange objects climbed by thwarted mountaineers. These include a railroad engine, conquered by the famous Alpinist O. G. Jones, who applied the pressure of fingers and toes to the boiler's constellation of round rivetheads. Also the editorial room of the London *Daily News*, where shut-in fanatics kept in training by traversing the walls, the moldings, the mantelpiece, and the file cabinets. And a billiard table in a hotel at Westdale Head—climbing center of the English lake country—which was a favorite practice ground for climbers on wet days and after dark. The rules were: from a position lying flat on the table top, the climber had to crawl over the edge, move to the underside, traverse it, and crawl up over the opposite edge, all without once setting foot to floor.

A natural-born mountain climber, if deprived of mountains, will climb any substitute in order to strengthen his muscles and steel his nerves. Leigh-Mallory, who was lost with A. C. Irvine on what may have been the first ascent of Mount Everest in 1924, practiced as a boy on some ruins opposite his school. It was said of him that "walls and roofs and trees seemed to be his natural playground."

According to Ronald Clark, English stegophily has a long and respectable history. The poet Byron, who was lame, shinnied up Trinity Library while he was a Cambridge undergraduate; Clive of India conquered a church tower; Lawrence of Arabia climbed at Oxford, not only as an undergraduate but also after the war, when, in protest against the treatment of the Arabs, he planted the flag of the Kingdom of the Hejaz on the pinnacle of All Souls College. Years

later, when he was writing a thesis about military architecture at the time of the Crusades, he scaled the walls of many of the half-ruined castles he was studying.

Two British enthusiasts, Waterton and Jones, scaled the façade of St. Peter's in Rome. To show that they had done so, they left their gloves on the lightning conductor. The Pope ordered the gloves removed, but as no one else could be found with the skill and daring to do so, Waterton was allowed to go up once more and bring them down himself.

So rooted in British affections and traditions is the art of night climbing that there are several handbooks on the subject. The most complete of these, *The Night Climbers of Cambridge*, was written by an Alpinist who hides under the pseudonym "Whipplesnaith." It gives minute directions for climbs ranging from the elementary to the practically impossible. It also gives excellent advice as to clothing, which should be the color of the darkness in which these expeditions must occur; and shoes, which should be rubber-soled, though "a certain enthusiast climbed for two months in bare feet."

Two is the ideal number of climbers, says Whipplesnaith; between midnight and two o'clock in the morning is the best time, and no night is too black and no season too cold.

It is impossible to predict what noises will alarm porters, policemen, and other foes of night climbing. Sometimes a loud crash or swear word will remain completely undetected. But on one occasion a party of four climbers was nearly betrayed because "a length of tarry string fell with a small smacking sound."

While the great majority of night climbers, especially at Oxford, take this preparation for the Alps seriously and climb stone-sober, there are others, says Whipplesnaith, who "would

never climb unless three parts drunk and then were extremely efficient."

No one, so far as I know, has actually been killed night climbing, but a number have been injured, including one undergraduate whose strength gave out while he was sliding down a rope. He burned his hands so badly that he had to have them bandaged for six weeks.

There is considerable scorn among Oxford night climbers for their Cambridge counterparts, because, say the Oxonians, Oxford stone is soft and rotten compared with the firm, dependable stuff that came out of the quarries which built Cambridge.

While night climbing at both universities is taken seriously by those who are drawn to mountaineering, and desperately by anyone who finds himself hanging from a loose drainpipe in the full glare of a policeman's torch, every year there are climbs with a gay, prankish quality that is not always the result of intoxication.

On the so-called "Wedding Cake Tower" of St. John's College there are clock faces, but no actual clockworks or hands. One enterprising night climber painted the time of his choice on one of the clock faces. Next morning one of the dons, noting that the clock was slow, asked to have it repaired. A traveling clockman was hired for the job. Actually he was, in disguise, the same night-climbing student. On his second, more official ascent, he merely painted in a later time.

Not long ago there was a rooftop steeplechase between climbers from King's College and a team from Queen's, following recognized routes over gates and walls, up drainpipes, and around ledges. Each team was told which route to follow, but not that they would be shadowed by three mock proctors, two mock policemen, and a mock porter. All but

two teams were scared away by the bogus minions of the law, and failed to finish the race.

Not much night climbing has been done in London—not nearly enough, say some of the devotees of the art. The YMCA building was scaled, and the Law Courts are supposed to have been attempted. Because of its notoriously rotten stone, Big Ben seems secure in his tower.

On a foggy November night in 1949 three medical students assaulted the central tower of the House of Commons. While one stayed behind as lookout, the other two, roped together in approved mountaineering style, went slowly up, up, over difficult slopes and ledges, to the topmost pinnacle, upon which they placed a policeman's helmet, size 7.

Two hours after they had started, the anonymous mountaineers, safely down on the ground again, telephoned an evening newspaper. Its headlines about the exploit next day brought hundreds to view the helmet and applaud the feat. The helmet was not removed until Britain's most expert steeplejack, Sidney Larkins, went up after it, at a cost to the taxpayers of £50. Larkins and his four assistants spent almost five hours on the job. "I took off the helmet all right," said Larkins, "but I take off my hat to the bloke who put it on."

Berlin — Divided She Stands



BERLIN, as a glance at the map will show, is an island set deep within the Soviet puppet state which calls itself the German Democratic Republic, or GDR. This island is divided into "Sectors": the American, British, and French Sectors of West Berlin, the Soviet-administered Sector of East Berlin. The whole city is surrounded by the Communist-controlled "Zone."

The 27-mile-long dividing line between the free and the slave Sectors is something quite new in the world. There are no permanent obstructions; there is no barrier that one can see. Aside from the huge warning signs—"You Are Now Leaving the American [or the British, or the French] Sector"; "Here Begins the Democratic [meaning the Soviet] Sector"—and a fairly discreet fringe of the police of each side, the border between the West Sectors and the East is normally wide open. Berliners by the thousand daily go back and forth,

by subway, by elevated, and on foot, to work, to study, to shop, to smuggle, sometimes to spy, often just to have a look at the way of life of the fish in the other bowl.

Thousands of other Berliners, however, never dare to cross the line, because they are "wanted" on the opposite side. Every year a number of West Berliners are arrested in the Soviet Sector. Many of them are sucked down as if into a quicksand. They simply disappear.

Just beyond the last subway station in West Berlin, the lights in the eastbound train flicker and go out for a fraction of a second. The passengers who were reading West Berlin newspapers fold them and stuff them deep into pockets, handbags, briefcases. The flicker is merely technical: the train's motors have been switched over from the West Berlin to the East Berlin power system. But these trifling acts of caution, and the symbolic dimming of the lights, mark the passage of the train and all the people in it from one civilization to another.

In all history, there has surely been no political frontier more grotesque than that which cleaves Berlin. Like the twitchings of some madman's pencil, the city's inner border zigs and zags through backyards, along the middle of one street, the east sidewalk of another, the western building line of a third, so that some people living in Soviet Berlin are in West Berlin as soon as they step outdoors. The invisible line amputates railroad yards from their stations, follows the bank of some canals, the midstream of others. At one point the Sector line passes between two pillar-shaped billboards ten feet apart. The one that belongs to the West advertises cigarettes, concerts, films; the Soviet pillar bawls out in giant letters: "Help Our People's Police in Their Battle against Foreign Spies and Agents." In Frohnau the line divides an

open-air restaurant in such a way that the beer must be paid for in West currency and the lavatory attendant tipped in East.

For Berlin has two kinds of money, as well as two town halls, two telephone systems, two police, fire, and health departments—two quite separate, almost hostile sets of nearly everything a great city needs for its housekeeping. The streetcar lines have been chopped in two, so that passengers have to get out at the end of the East line and walk a hundred yards over torn-up or buried tracks to another trolley car in the West. Even the underground special-delivery tubes were severed, so that letters must surface like dead fish at the border and wait to be trucked across.

It is impossible to telephone from West to East Berlin or vice versa. Herr Westermann may be able to see Herr Oster-tag from his own window, but neither can call the other, though Herr Westermann, via the radiotelephone which West Berlin was forced to build, can easily talk to San Francisco. Yet Herr Westermann can reach Herr Roth, who lives in Potsdam, in the Soviet Zone just outside Berlin. When he gives the Potsdam number, the West Berlin operator says that there may be some delay. With reason. Because the cables from West Berlin to the outer world have also been cut, the call cannot go through direct to Potsdam. It is routed by radiotelephone to whichever of the West German cities is least busy—usually Freiburg in the Black Forest—and from there via Leipzig back to Potsdam, a circuit of 875 miles to reach a place only 20 miles away.

An odd and sometimes sinister note is provided by the elevated railroad with orange cars which Berliners call the S-Bahn (short for *Schnellbahn* or Express Railway). It serves all Berlin in a network that supplements the Underground

(the U-Bahn or subway), continues out beyond the city, and connects with the railroad lines from the hinterland. But its management and its personnel are entirely in Soviet hands, so that it is an alien, hostile arterial system pumping away within the body of West Berlin. Most of its officials and many of its conductors and motormen are Communists.

A West Berliner traveling on the S-Bahn has little to fear while the train is in his Sector. But if he dozes off and lets it carry him out of West Berlin, his awakening will be chilly. Every S-Bahn train from West Berlin stops for five or six minutes at the first platform outside the city. Permanently on duty here are fifteen Vopos (short for *Volkspolizei*, meaning "people's police"), two of whom are policewomen. In shifts they meet every train and quickly go through it, checking all identification papers. People whose papers are not in order are taken off the train into the Vopo office, where names are checked against a black list. Release seldom comes within twenty-four hours. Meanwhile a family in West Berlin worries, remembers the years when political kidnappings were an almost weekly occurrence, and telephones the Bureau of Missing Persons.

There have been cases in which an S-Bahn train got orders to run through the last station in the West Sector without stopping, so that the Vopos could catch a West Berliner spotted on the train who was wanted by the Soviet authorities for political reasons.

Whatever West Berliners try to do in East Berlin, they face obstacles, prohibitions, red tape, inconvenience. The largest of Berlin's cemeteries, at Stahnsdorf, in the Soviet Zone, just outside the city, was made accessible to Berliners only after persistent pressure by the Evangelical Church. Relatives of the dead may now visit their graves in Stahnsdorf

—but only twice a year, on All Souls' and one other holy day, and only by a route which is rigidly prescribed.

Yet such annoyances are less frustrating to West Berliners than the constant sense of being boxed in, of not having elbow room. The real countryside, once their joy and pride, is strictly out of bounds; Berlin's best parks and lakes are in the East Sector, around the Müggelsee. The reaches of the Wannsee and the Havel, the pines of the Grunewald, are pleasant, but in summer so crowded that the very water seems warmed by human bodies and one has to stand in line for privacy.

Besides, one must be careful. Picnickers keep well away from the broad strip cleared of brush at the Zone border; parents worry about children rowing too near the buoys; young love must keep an eye out for the sentry with a loaded rifle over his shoulder. In the woodland districts along the Zone border lies a no man's land, created by fear, several hundred yards wide. Instinct and experience have taught the forest deer that this solitude, so shunned by men, is the safest place for them to bear and rear their young.

When Berlin was split, the currency was also split, creating two kinds of money. The West German D-mark, which rings when dropped on a counter, is worth about 4.20 to the dollar, while the paper East mark, tied to the Soviet monetary system, varies between 17 and 20 to the dollar. The Communists try to keep up the fiction that their currency is just as good as the D-mark. In East Berlin one may exchange West marks only at the rate of one to one.

For a few years, West Berliners were able to take advantage of the difference in real value between the two currencies. It was usual to take automobiles, watches, shoes, across the line for repairs. At one time they were buying so much

bread and having so many shaves and hairdos in the East that West Berlin bakers and hairdressers were going bankrupt.

East Berliners often come over to West Berlin simply to feel release from the pressure, to be able to talk freely for a little while, to sit down in a public library and read anything they please.

It is not healthy for an East Berliner to bring back Western newspapers. He can get a year or more in jail for "spreading tendentious and peace-endangering rumors." A boy who took back to East Berlin twenty copies of Western papers, one of them *The Times* of London, was given the same sentence that is meted out for homicide in West Berlin—five and a half years.

All East Berliners are careful not to be caught with West marks on them when they return home. If a spot check and search at the border reveals even as little as one D-mark, the transgressor can be heavily fined. There are also severe penalties for bringing East marks into East Berlin. An unemployed West Berliner, hired by a West Berlin money-changer to take thousands of East marks across the line and bring back bills of smaller denomination, was given two years in jail for "helping the divisive policy of the West."

West Berlin retailers welcome shoppers from East Berlin and accept payment in East marks at the free-market rate set daily by West Berlin's hundred or more licensed exchange offices. Many shops near the Sector border have lowered their prices to attract the Easterners, and they recoup in volume what they lose in markup. The moving-picture theaters near the border have cut-rate nights specially for the Easterners.

East Berliners who go shopping in West Berlin risk confiscation of their purchases, fines, and even jail on their re-

turn. The importation of consumer goods from the West is forbidden, because they compete with the government-owned stores and cooperatives which do most of East Berlin's retail business. And it hurts the Communists' pride to have their constituents prefer the much more expensive food and clothing of a capitalist economy.

West Berlin shopkeepers do all they can to protect their neighbors. In West Berlin department stores, before a package is wrapped, one repeatedly hears the quick, solicitous question: "*Sind Sie Ost?*" ("Are you from the East?") If the answer is yes, the parcel is wrapped in plain paper instead of paper bearing the store's name.

For many years, shoes were the things a prudent East Berliner bought first when he went shopping in the West, so that they would look less new by the time he trudged home past the border guards. At Leiser's big shoestore fifty yards from the Sector line, East customers were taken to a discreet curtained shed back of the store, where their old shoes were wrapped up for them or more often just left to be burned. Then, proud but a little fearful in their new shoes, they were shown—as I was—Leiser's new-shoe-scuffing track, a big yard screened by a wattled fence, where they walked round and round until the soles looked reasonably worn.

This was just one of the indispensable precautions which East Berliners took without thinking how absurd they really were. Too many greenhorns with virgin shoesoles and that stiff gait which advertises the first hundred yards in a new pair were relieved of their shoes at the border. And there were stations on the S-Bahn line through Berlin and out into the Zone, where Vopos used to confiscate new shoes right off the customer's feet. They sometimes had the decency, however, to provide the poor fellow with a pair of straw sandals—

for which, adding insult to injury, they exacted a charge of one mark fifty.

Anywhere else in the Soviet satellite empire, people have to buy the shoes the State provides or go barefoot. But in Berlin, and nowhere else in all the world, there is direct, close-up, day-by-day, cheek-by-jowl contrast and competition between goods made under free enterprise and goods centrally planned by committees gazing at the consumer through Karl Marx's beard.

In Berlin, and only in Berlin, can one step back and forth across the Iron Curtain and compare, at close range, the two systems of thought, law, morals, economics, which are competing for the loyalty of the human race. Berlin is not only the best, it is almost the only window open to the East. It is also the escape hatch *from* the East: every month thousands flee westward, across the Sector line, from the slave world to the free.

Since 1949, when the GDR seriously began "building socialism," it has lost to the West more than three million people. Among them were tens of thousands of skilled workers, engineers and technicians, university students, professors and instructors, judges and state's attorneys, veterinarians, pharmacists, dentists, and physicians. (In proportion to the population, there are now twice as many doctors in West Germany as there are in the GDR.) The majority of these refugees escaped through Berlin.

In a desperate attempt to stem the loss of brains, muscle, and youth (almost half the refugees are under twenty-five), the German Communists have torn up that part of the GDR's constitution which guaranteed to every citizen the right to emigrate. They punish *Republikflucht*—desertion from the

Republic—with prison sentences of up to three years. What was once a right is now a crime.

Severe punishment is also visited on those who aid or encourage others to flee. Herr S., an East Berlin interpreter and translator, was sentenced to nine months because he helped the escape of a girl teacher with whom he was in love by carrying her suitcase to the station. On the charge of having induced some of his friends to take flight and having “delivered them up to the Western secret services,” Dr. Forster of the GDR hospital at Schwanebeck was sent to prison for seven years.

Every so often, in order to strike a sharper fear into those contemplating flight, the GDR police put up in thousands of public places—just as if he were a bank robber—posters with the face, name, description, and excoriation of some young man who has quietly gone over the hill to freedom.

Indirect pressures are widely used in the effort to dam the outward flow. No one is given permission to visit a relative who has fled to the West. The GDR border police will not accept a recruit if any of his relatives has “deserted the Republic.” No matter how high a student’s grades, or how “progressive” or blameless his own “social outlook,” he must leave school if a brother or a sister has committed the crime of *Republikflucht*.

How can thousands of people every month escape such police measures? The answer, of course, is Berlin. While the border between the two Germanys is being ever more tightly sealed off, only spot checks guard the invisible line that divides Berlin.

As we sat in a West Berlin café, shielded from eyes in the street by a curtain the waitress had been asked to draw, a

young man who lived in the GDR told me how to escape from it these days.

“For weeks before you go,” he said, “do nothing unusual, such as trying to sell any clothes. Take with you nothing larger than a toothbrush, and travel alone. Buy a railroad ticket to one of the suburbs of East Berlin. Spend the night there, not in a hotel where they will ask for your papers, but in hiding, if need be out of doors. Next day, mingle with the commuters on one of the crowded morning trains. If the police question you, have ready a plausible excuse—business, relatives—for being on your way to Berlin. Once in Berlin, it’s much simpler—always subject to the risk of being stopped on the street or caught on the elevated railroad. And once safely in West Berlin, you claim political asylum.”

People flee the GDR for many reasons—some to seek pastures new or find a better job; some for a principle; some out of sheer restlessness; some inspired by hope; some driven by an accumulation of gray despair. Last year there was a sudden increase in departures of farmers, shopkeepers, and craftsmen—they were afraid of being “socialized.”

Arbitrary power hangs over the few surviving East Berlin private enterprises. By law they can be dispossessed for the most trivial reasons.

Though he was charged with no specific offense, an East Berlin master carpenter who owned a small shop rather close to the Sector boundary had his license canceled, because, in the words of an East Berlin magistrate, the situation of his shop “exposes it to misuse by black-market speculators and agents and may create a menace to the People, and to yourself, outweighing its economic usefulness.”

The manager of an HO (government-owned) restaurant in a populous part of East Berlin was called to the local police

station for consultation. The authorities, he was told, wanted to open another HO restaurant in the neighborhood. Which of the existing privately owned restaurants did he consider most suitable? Shortly after he had named one, its owner was notified by the police that his place was to be closed "because recent incidents on your premises prove that you are incapable of conducting the business properly." There had been no "incidents." The HO manager indirectly responsible for this injustice eventually fled in disgust to the West.

An East Berliner who buys in his Sector a typewriter, a rug, or any one of a long list of things that could profitably be sold in the West, must sign a declaration that the article is for his personal use. This is no mere paper formality. The Soviet regime does not believe in the honor system. Eight or ten weeks after the purchase, an inspector from the Economic Ministry's special snoop squad shows up and asks to see the rug—or typewriter. If it isn't there, he wants to know the reason why and to have proof that the excuse is legitimate.

An East Berlin woman bought a carpet at her Sector's biggest department store and thoughtlessly gave it as a wedding present to her daughter, who lived in West Berlin. Even though she showed the inevitable inspector her daughter's marriage license, it did her no good. She was arrested and sentenced to two months in jail.

Another East Berlin woman got a year for trying to carry a few brass curtain rods, taken down from her own windows, across into West Berlin, where she hoped to sell them to buy extra food for her tubercular child.

And an East Berlin carpenter, caught coming back from West Berlin with some nails of a size unobtainable in East Berlin, was given, cruelly and inexplicably, a sentence of five years.

Occasionally the system breaks down of its own weight, and a lighter note is struck.

A woman wanted to bring a bundle of soiled clothes from the Soviet Zone, where she had a small cottage, into East Berlin, where she lived. But at the border she was stopped and told: "No imports from the Zone without a special license." She left the bundle at the station checkroom, went into East Berlin, and began trying to obtain a license. After eight weeks she lost patience and decided to take the clothes, unwashed, back to the cottage where they had come from. But when she presented the claim check at the border she was told that anything unclaimed after four weeks was automatically sent to the railroad's Lost Property department at the Alexanderplatz. And there, in the heart of East Berlin, a few blocks from her own washtub, without benefit of import license, she finally retrieved her bundle of soiled clothes.

The East German government would never admit it, but all letters addressed to East Berliners from West Berlin, West Germany, or any Western country, as well as those mailed to the West by East Berliners, are opened and scrutinized by the SSD (State Security Service) on the third floor of the Post Office opposite the bombed-out skeleton of the Stettin railway station. The operation is so secret that no postal employee is allowed into the reading rooms of this outpost of Soviet culture and enlightenment.

Every incoming letter is presumed to be guilty and must prove its innocence. First, the name of the East Berlin addressee is checked against a black list. If he has a record or has come to the attention of the police for "economic crimes" (such as having bought shoes in a West Berlin department store) or a "politically negative attitude" (such as conspic-

uous failure to applaud the broadcast of a speech by the puppet-president), the letter gets special attention.

Next, it is exposed to a strong light which will reveal currency (illegal), a Western doctor's prescription (illegal), photographs (suspect), or Western printed matter (illegal, subversive, seditious, and treasonable—Communists are scared to death of other people's newspapers). Then the letter is steamed open by a sort of sewing circle or Kaffeeklatsch of women sitting like witches around a caldron of hot water.

The SSD is patient and its arm is long. One day the reading circle spotted an unsigned letter, addressed to someone in West Berlin, which criticized the German Soviet regime in violent terms. Eager young inspectors fumed, but an older, wiser SSD man said, "Wait." Sure enough, in a few days there turned up another letter to the same address, in the same hand, with the same savage comments. And another. And several more.

Then came the letter the chief had been waiting for. Like the others, it bore no telltale marks, but it contained the words: "Yesterday I placed some tulips on the grave of our friend." Instantly a squad of detectives scattered to East Berlin's hundreds of churchyards and public cemeteries and brought back the names of all the graves on which tulips had been placed.

The rest was routine. The anonymous letter writer is now an anonymous number behind high walls.

